PSYCHO

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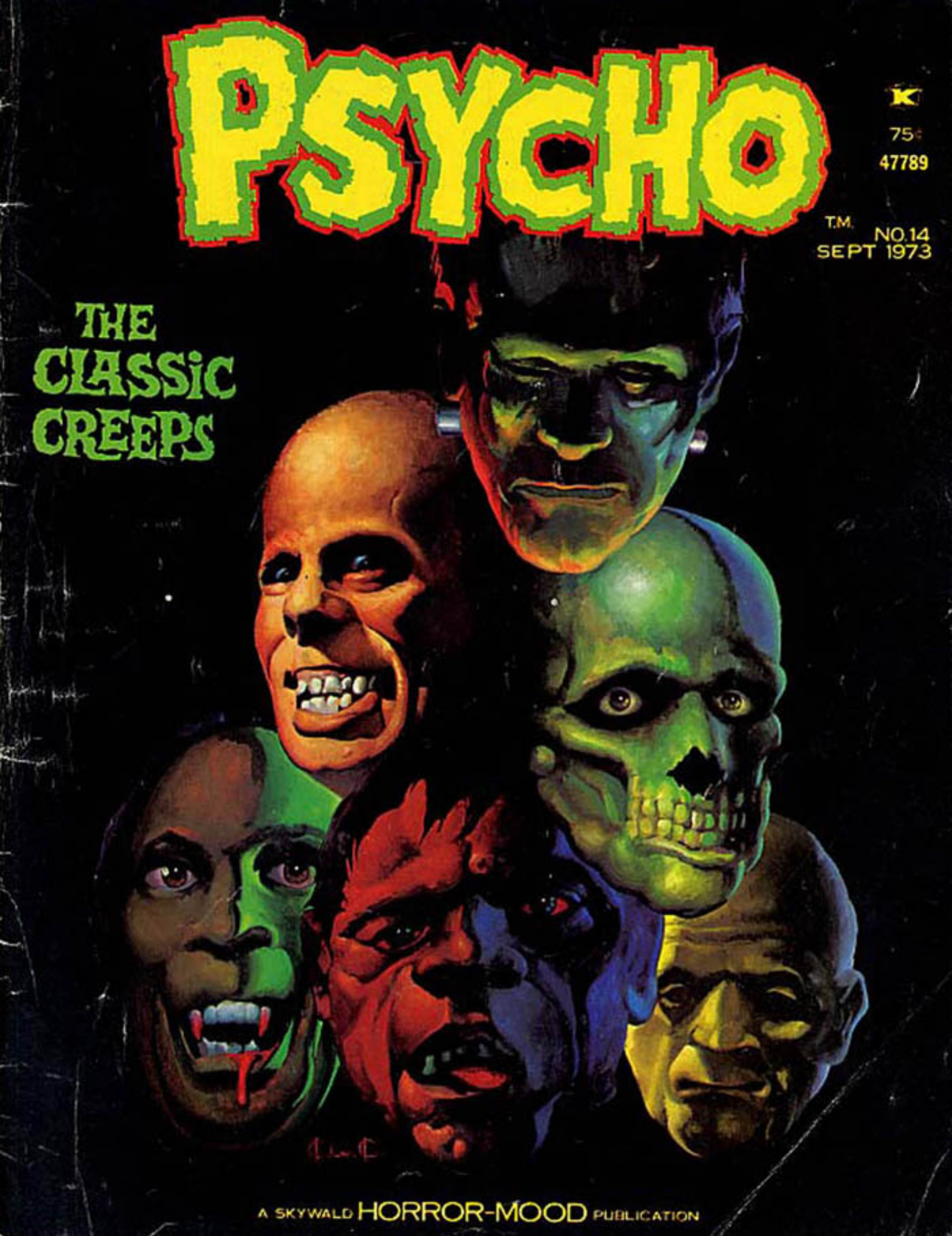
THE CLASSIC CREEPS



A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

. . . my brother and I . . . we . . . were inseparable . . . we were never more than a moment apart from one another . . . never looked an evil look at one another, and we never had an irresolvable argument . . . we never spoke when the other wanted to speak, or slept when the other wanted to be awake . . . we were born together, but we did not die together . . . Alfred died alone, on an operating table, while I — tho only feet away and unconscious — lived and thought not of his anguish and pain at death, but of tomorrow, my OWN tomorrows, ALONE . . . without my Siamese brother . . . he who is now:

. . . THE DEAD . . .

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY MAELO CINTRON

. . . my brother and I had lived our lives as one man . . . we ate, and slept, and thought as one man, we were born at the same instant in the same womb and were joined by bone and flesh illogically matured within that womb . . . joined at our sides by a length of bone which attached our rib-cages and kept us as one 'till that MOMENT just weeks ago on an operating table . . . we were warned that one might die, but not which one . . . Alfred died when the bone was sawed away between us, and I was not unhappy; no longer was I half a man or less a man because I was half of a FREAK exhibit . . . now I was ALL a man and MORE a man and no longer depended on another, and was no longer my brother's keeper . . .

. . . they wouldn't let me leave my bed for weeks . . . I missed Alfred's funeral, I missed seeing the DEAD part of me BURIED and the flowers and words strewn upon it to rationalize it as it was buried . . . but here I am now, standing on a grave in a desolate, bleak place . . . looking down at my brother under the earth and within an oak-lidded coffin, leering back at me . . . leering out of his earthen crypt where I might be in his stead were it not for fate or God or . . . or whatever decides such desperate decisions . . .

. . . the earth in a graveyard in the morning is unpleasant and unnerving, as anyone will attest who haunts such dead domains come dawn . . . it is wet and you feel yourself SINKING as you walk about looking at graveheads, thinking about those UNDERNEATH . . . thinking about THE DEAD . . .

. . . I think about the living, which might make me a curious sort of visitor here in this place where usually only the near-dead come to visit the dead-dead . . . and I suppose I even FEEL different and out-of-place, so all consuming have been my positive thoughts of life these last few weeks . . . I scarcely thought of my brother a moment . . . I had no need, no reason to . . . I am so involved in thinking of what utter pleasure it is to be a private person, and not public property . . . and find that whenever I think of being with any OTHER human being it is a WOMAN I think of being with . . .

. . . a pleasure I have never known . . .

. . . well . . . I have spent enough time here, now I will GO, having said my farewells to my estranged brother, having kissed the dead goodbye . . .

. . . what is THIS, The GROUND seems to be HEAVING . . . my brother's grave is not yet settled I presume, the soil has yet to sink and nestle securely around the coffin . . .

. . . What is THIS? The ground twists UPWARDS and pushes OUT . . . why so? . . . What behemoth WORM can manipulate earth so extravagantly? . . . Is it something else? Dare I sink upon my knees and push aside this ghastly twisting mound to fight the intruder in my brother's sacred tomb? Or should I not RUN AWAY and be rid this awful place with its suggestive abominations and its vile unburied ghosts? . . . Is this a GHOST beneath me? . . . Ah GOD . . . GOD it is a wretched dead HAND pushing out the earth . . . it grabs my ANKLE . . . it climbs my leg . . . it pulls at me for support to pull up the other dead REMAINS . . . the thing that wells up NOW chokes and coughs and wheezes out a song and dance about BROTHERLY LOVE . . . "AFTER DEATH? . . . Brother NO . . . NO . . . not after DEATH . . . you DIED that I might LIVE, now let me LIVE brother, LET ME LIVE . . ."

. . . he will not let me GO . . . he pulls at me with both yellowed limbs now, flesh still dripping from his rotting remains, matted blood long ago dried now falling on my FACE along with cracking bone and shredding hair and filthy earth, splintering wood cutting my cheeks and ripping my lungs out . . . I see the earth falling back over me . . . I see the dawn turn to dusk . . .

. . . I see the sky disappearing . . .

. . . but weep not for me . . . I am dead . . . say some words for me and strew some flowers about . . . I did not die just-now, but really weeks ago on an operating table . . . I am just-now being buried . . .

– PUBLISHED BY: ISRAEL WALDMAN AND HERSCHEL WALDMAN

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RICARDO VILLAMONTE MARVIN WOLFMAN

PSYCHO

– EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON –

VAULT OF HORROR

A MAN WHO DARE NOT SLEEP!

...welcome to the Fetid Psycho...

... wherein you will meet The Classic Creeps, the Monstrosity, answer the riddle of why there is A Man Who Dare Not Sleep, and wonder at the obscure freakishness of the Artist's Other Hand...

THE HIPPY-CRITERS ARE COMIN'

THE CLASSIC CREEPS

CASSANDRA... SORCERESS OF THE SEVENTH WIND

THE HORROR THAT'S NOT AS IT SEEMS

THE ARTIST'S OTHER HAND

THE MONSTROSITY

It's DEAD TIME

all in this...

...Special Psycho Paranoia Issue...

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...THIS MAN IS... *A LUNATIC*... HE IS: WITHOUT A *MIND* THAT *REASONS* AS MIGHT *OTHER* MEN'S MINDS...
...HE IS *MAD*... AND THO MADMEN NEED NO *NAME* IN AN *ASYLUM*, THIS MAN IS NOT *IN* AN ASYLUM...
...HE *HAS*, THEREFORE, A *NAME*... ONE WHICH *VARIES* FROM *MOMENT TO MOMENT*... AT *THIS* MOMENT HE IS *DRACULA*... JUST AS THE CHARACTER ON THE FLICKERING HOME-MOVIE-SCREEN IS *ALSO* DRACULA...
... SO STARTS OUR TALE OF THE *CREEP* WHO IS *MORE* THAN A *SINGLE CREEP*... BUT *MANY*... IF YOU'LL PARDON THE ROTTEN GRAMMAR... HE IS...

THE CLASSIC CREEPS

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY CUETO

...LUNATICS ARE IMPRESSIONABLE... THAT IS THEIR PROBLEM... AND THIS CREEP'S PROBLEM... FOR AS HE WATCHED DRACULA HE BECAME CONVINCED HE TOO COULD BE DRACULA... HE TOO COULD WEAR THE ROBES OF THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS AND SLITHER OUT INTO THE BLACKNESS OF NIGHT TO COMMIT VILE ACTS OF VAMPIRISM...

OH MY GOD!!

HOLD THERE... OR I'LL FIRE!
... OH MY GOD... ... MUST GET AWAY... ... CAN'T GET CAUGHT...
...THE NEXT NIGHT IT WAS THE SAME STORY... THO NOT THE SAME MOVIE... ON THIS NIGHT HE FIRST WATCHED DR. PHIBES ... BUT VINCENT PRICE DOESN'T TAKE THE CHARACTER SERIOUSLY AND 'IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO IDENTIFY WITH A MAN WHO IS A PARODY ON PURPOSE!
...OH GOD No!!!
...WHY DO I DO IT? WHY DO I RISK GETTING CAUGHT! IF I'M CAUGHT MY NAME WILL BE IN THE NEWSPAPERS AND EVERYONE WILL KNOW...

...THEN HE WATCHED *THE MUMMY*... BUT HE KNEW BEFORE HE EVEN *ATTEMPTED* IT THAT HE'D NEVER GET THE *BANDAGES WRAPPED* AROUND HIMSELF *PROPERLY*... HE'D *NEVER* REALLY LOOK *LEGITIMATE*...

...THEN... LON CHANEY AS THE *PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*... NOW *THIS*... *THIS* WAS A *MONSTER!*

...*LUNATICS* ARE *NOT INCAPABLE* OF EXERCISING GREAT *INTELLIGENCE*... IT IS SUGGESTED, IN FACT, THAT *CREATIVITY* IS *CLOSE* TO *MADNESS*... AS THE CREEP EXERCISED *BOTH* THOSE *ABSTRACTIONS* ON THAT NIGHT IT WAS BOTH A *DELIGHT* AND A *HORROR* FOR HIM... FOR AS HE APPLIED THE GRUESOME MAKE-UP HE BECAME CONVINCED *AGAIN*... THAT HE *WAS*... WHAT HE *PRETENDED*...

...*NOW*... ON *ANOTHER* NIGHT... STALKS THE *CREEP*...

...HEH. HEH...
...MARSHA!...
JOHN!
...OH... GODUHHGOHHH!
JOHN
JOHN

YOU... YOU'RE LIKE THE CREEP IN THE MOVIES...
...THE PHANTOM... ERIK... THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA...
YOU EVEN HIDE YOUR FACE UNDER A MASK JUST LIKE HE DID...
...BUT I'LL BET YOU'RE JUST AN ORDINARY DEGENERATE PERVERT UNDER THAT THING!
...OH MY... GOD!!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

AAAGODGODAAAAA
...STOP SCREAMING WOMAN...
GOD NONONO NONONO NONO
...STOP SCREAMING... STOP SCREAMING... WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU...
...STOP IT!...
STOP IT!!

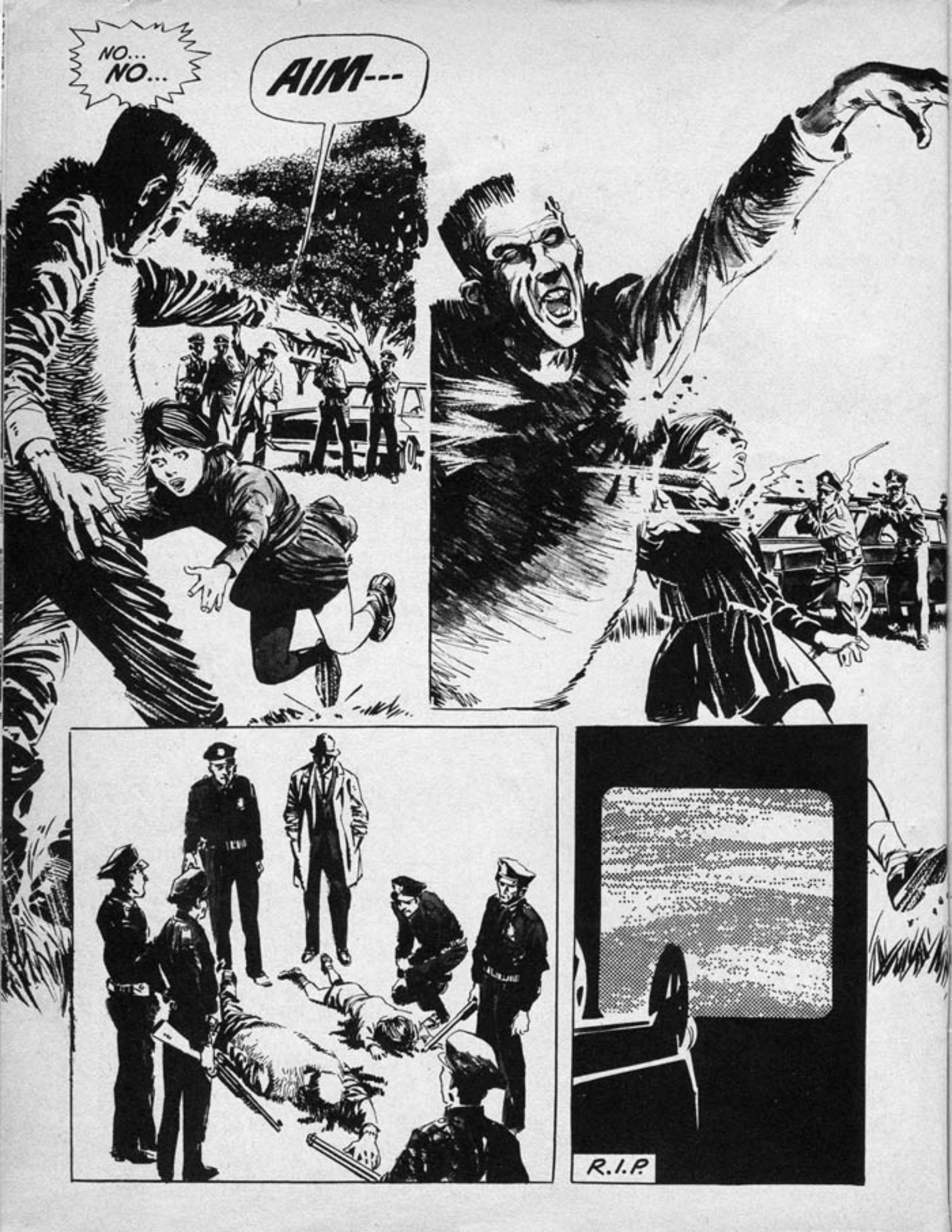
...AGAIN THE STEADY DRONE OF THE PROJECTOR... AGAIN THE IMPLICATIONS ARE SET IN HIS MIND BY THE ACTIONS OF THE CHARACTER ON-SCREEN...
...HEH HEH...
MY GOD... LOOK AT HIM!!
I'VE SEEN MORE HUMAN LOOKING CREEPS IN A FREAK TENT!
MAYBE HE'S FROM THE CIRCUS THAT'S IN TOWN!
HE SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED ON THE STREET!
DON'T TAUNT ME... I AM HUMAN... JUST AS YOU!
...MMMH... ...IT SPEAKS!
OH LORD!
OHGODAAAAAA
DON'T DARE TAUNT ME... DON'T...YOU ...DARE!!!

..HERE HE IS SIR...
...I KNEW WE'D SEE HIM AGAIN...HE'S BEEN OUT EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK...
...MY GOD LOOK WHAT HE'S DONE!!
...GET OVER THERE FAST!
...I'M... SORRY SIR... ...I LOST TRACK OF HIM IN THE DARK...
...OKAY WALKER...
THERE'S SOMETHING THAT NAGS ME ABOUT THAT GUY... DAMN IT!
WHAT IS IT ABOUT HIM... WHAT IS IT?..
I'VE... GOT THIS THING IN THE BACK OF MY MIND...
...WHAT IS IT ABOUT THAT GUY THAT... THAT RINGS A BELL?...

...HEH HEH...
...WHAT...
...IS IT ABOUT THAT...
...CREEP?
...DON'T... RUN AWAY...
...SOMETHING...
...SOMETHING TO DO WITH MONSTERS...

DON'T RUN AWAY FROM ME LITTLE GIRL... I WON'T HURT YOU...
...DON'T HURT ME MISTER...
...NO...NO...I WON'T HURT YOU... NOT AT ALL...
...AND WHAT IS YOUR NAME FUNNY FACE..?
...I WANT TO GO HOME MISTER... LET ME GO!
...OH MY GOD!

...HE WAS MR. MONSTER DRESS-UP ON TELEVISION...
...HE HAD A KID'S SHOW FOR 8 YEARS...
...HE USED TO DRESS-UP AS DIFFERENT MONSTERS ...HE WAS VERY POPULAR... EVERY KID IN AMERICA WAS HIS DEVOTED FAN...
...THEN...ALL OF A SUDDEN... NOTHING... THE FANS GOT BORED AND STOPPED WATCHING...
...JUST... STOPPED...
...THAT WAS...MANY YEARS AGO...I WONDERED WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM WITHOUT HIS...WORLD ...NOW WE KNOW...
...HE WENT MAD I GUESS...
...GOD NO...I CAN'T DO IT... ...I CAN'T... ...I CAN'T... ...RUN HOME NOW CHILD...
...THERE HE IS SIR... WE WAITED TILL YOU GOT HERE AS YOU DIRECTED...
...OH NO! ...THAT... SCENE... I RECOGNIZE IT...
....IT'S ONE OF KARLOFF'S MOST FAMOUS SCENES IN THE FRANKENSTEIN MOVIE...
...IN ANOTHER MINUTE...IN A FIT OF... NAIVETY... HE THROWS THE CHILD IN THE WATER AND SHE ACCIDENTALLY DROWNS!


NO... NO...
AIM---
R.I.P.

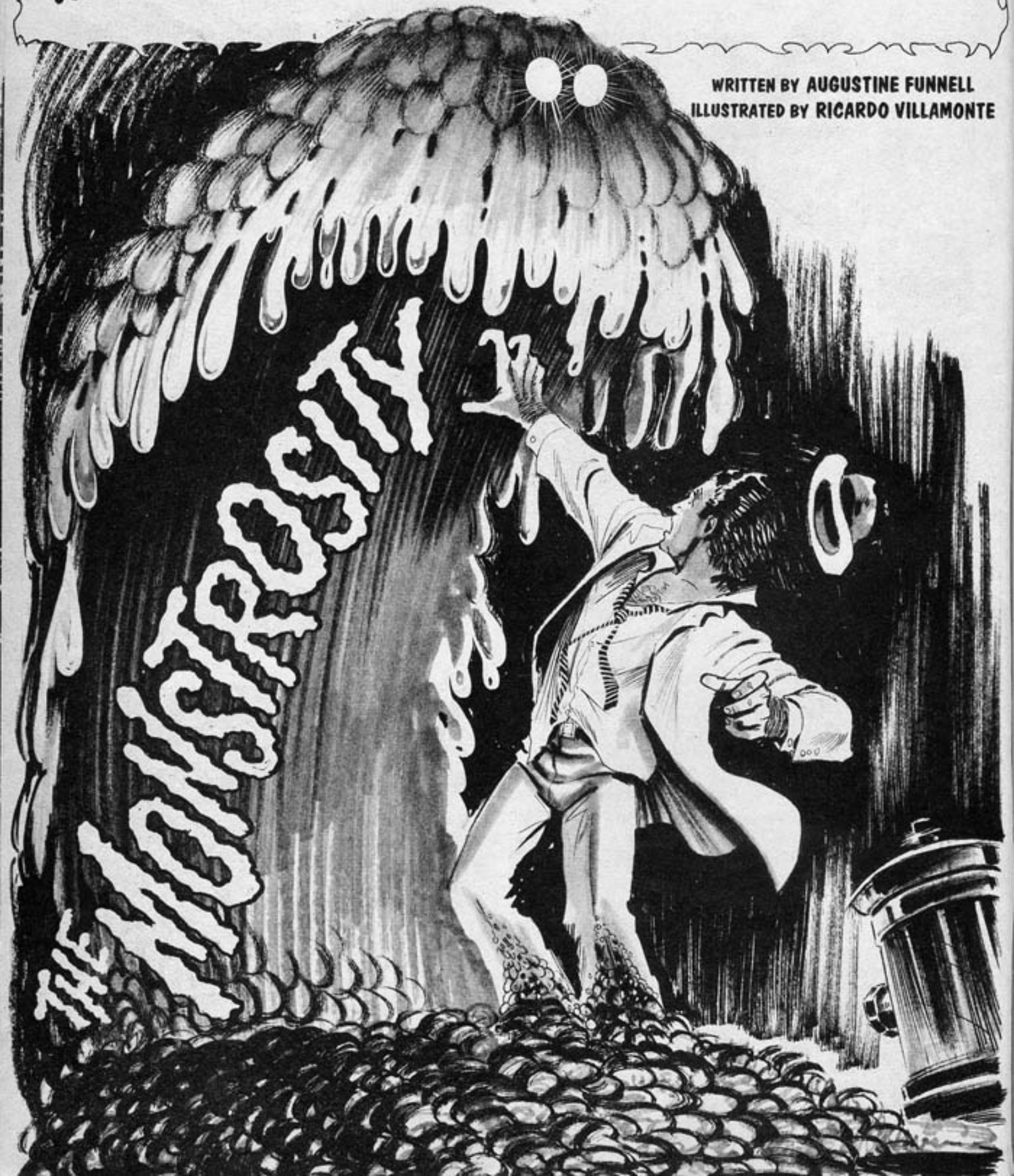
IT **LURKS,** THIS OBSCENE MASS OF **HORROR,** HIDDEN IN DEEP THREATENING SHADOWS. IT MAKES NO SOUND; IT **WATCHES.** FOR HOURS IT HAS DONE SO! WHAT LITTLE LIGHT THERE IS FILTERS THROUGH THE SHADOWS TO GLISTEN OFF ITS **SLIMY, GLEAMING SKIN...**

AND THEN, IT SPIES WHAT IT HAS WAITED SO **LONG** TO **SEE.** ITS GLISTENING MASS **QUIVERS** AS IT WATCHES THE FIGURE STUMBLE SLOWLY UP THE DARKENED SIDEWALK. ITS EYES, ALREADY THE BRIGHTNESS OF BEACONS, BECOME PINPOINTS OF FURY. THIS IS THE **ONE...** THIS WILL BE ITS **NOURISHMENT** FOR THIS NIGHT!

THE EXCITEMENT RISES WITHIN IT, AND IT **ALMOST** RUSHES INTO THE STREET. BUT IT **WAITS,** GLEAMING, AS THE MAN COMES **CLOSER... CLOSER... CLOSER!**

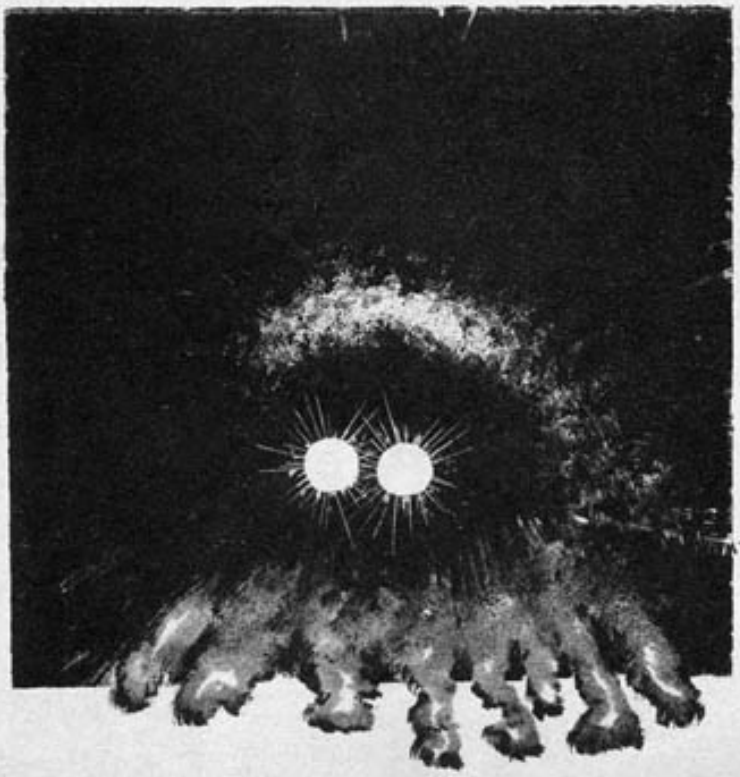
DEEP WITHIN ITSELF IT CAN FEEL THE CRAVING FOR THE FLESH UPON THIS MAN! IT CAN ALMOST HEAR HIS FUTILE SCREAMS! AND THEN, THE MAN IS THERE. AND... THEN, THE ABOMINATION...

...STRIKES! IT *SLITHERS* FROM THE ALLEYWAY, ITS *SLIMY* BODY GLEAMING BRIGHTLY. IT HAS WAITED LONG FOR THIS, PATIENT AND HUNGRY, AND NOW, IT WILL ***NOT*** BE DENIED... FOR IT IS...



WRITTEN BY **AUGUSTINE FUNNELL**
ILLUSTRATED BY **RICARDO VILLAMONTE**

THE MAN SCREAMS AS HUGE BLOBS OF *SLIMY FLESH* ENFOLD HIS LEGS. WITH ONE FINAL *GASP* HIS SANITY LEAVES HIM, AND HE BEATS HIS FISTS AGAINST THE CREATURE'S SKIN. BUT TO HIS *ETERNAL HORROR* HE DISCOVERS...



IT *SLITHERS* BACK INTO THE ALLEYWAY, ITS MEAL *FINISHED*. WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN A MAN IS NO MORE. ONLY ONE GRIM REMINDER REMAINS TO TESTIFY TO HIS PRESENCE...

ANOTHER DAY PASSES, AND NIGHT HAS COME ONCE MORE. AGAIN THE CREATURE ***WAITS*** IN THE SAFETY OF THE SHADOWS, BUT TONIGHT ITS WAIT IS A SHORT ONE, FOR DOWN THE STREET SAUNTERS ANOTHER ***VICTIM!***

IT WAITS ***EAGERLY*** AS ITS MEAL COMES CLOSER... ***CLOSER...*** ONCE AGAIN IT BEGINS TO ***QUIVER*** AND THEN...

IT ***ACTS!***

BUT IT HAS MOVED TOO ***QUICKLY*** THIS TIME. THE INTENDED VICTIM PULLS HIMSELF ***AWAY,*** AND A MOMENT LATER THE CREATURE FEELS BURNING ***PAIN*** THROUGHOUT HIS ENTIRE BEING!

THE CREATURE OF SLIME TURNS AND ***SLITHERS*** ONCE MORE DOWN THE ALLEY-WAY, PAIN *SEARING* ITS BODY. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ITS LIFE IT FEELS ***PAIN...*** AND ***FEAR!***

I'VE GOT IT NOW! ANOTHER FEW SHOTS AND IT SHOULD BE FINISHED!
IT FEELS THE BURNING PAIN ONCE MORE, AND ITS FALTERING MOVEMENTS BECOME LESS QUICK. IT FALLS TO THE GROUND, NOT UNDERSTANDING WHAT IT HAS DONE WRONG...
WHERE DID SOMETHING LIKE THAT EVER COME FROM? IT'S A GHASTLY NIGHTMARE!
AN ACHE GOES THROUGH ITS ENTIRE BODY AND AS IT BELIEVES IT HAS FAILED IN A MISSION IT DIES!
THE HORROR IS DEAD! BUT WHAT THE HELL IS IT?
HE WALKS AWAY, A FEELING OF PRIDE IN HIS BREAST, FOR HE HAS KILLED A MONSTER...A WALKING HORROR. BUT, IF HE HAD GONE A FEW FEET BEYOND THE SLAIN SLIME CREATURE...
HAVE TO GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS TO REPORT THIS! THEY'LL SEND SOME MEN OVER TO DISPOSE OF IT...WHO KNOWS ...I MAY GET A CITATION FOR THIS...
...HE MIGHT NOT FEEL SO PROUD, FOR THE CEATURE HE HAS SHOT DOWN WAS A MOTHER...NOTHING MORE, DOING WHAT ANY MOTHER, HUMAN OR NOT, WOULD DO, PROVIDING FOOD FOR HER YOUNG! UNKNOWN TO HER, HER MISSION WAS COMPLETED WITH THE MEAL THE NIGHT BEFORE. HER CHILDREN ARE NOW ABLE TO FEND FOR THEMSELVES AS THE POLICE WILL SOON DISCOVER...

...THE SLITHER-SLIME PAGES OF WRETCHED LETTERS AND DEGENERATE ANNOUNCEMENTS...

. . . welcome to the paranoia PSYCHO . . . the issue in which much MADNESS DWELLS . . . for herein MONSTROSITIES and MAYHEM are the order of the day . . .

. . . we are receiving many entries in THE OFFICIAL HORROR-MOOD CROSSWORD PUZZLE CONTEST and we'll be choosing a winner soon for the biggest GARGOYLE EGG you've ever seen . . . if you haven't sent in your entry best do it NOW . . .

. . . did you see SCREAM #1? (If you didn't you can get it through our Archaic Back Issues Department) . . . wasn't it WEIRD? . . . we're busily working on SCREAM #2 right now, destined to be a WEIRD WINNER . . . it'll be out NEXT MONTH so miss it not huh? . . .

. . . we received a letter from EDWARD POLGARDY, Jr. who said that the best story we EVER published was 'THE NIGHT IN THE WAX MUSEUM' because it had ALL the classic monsters in it . . . which inspires us to go ALL THE WAY and tell of our classic adaptations soon to be published like: 'THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY', 'THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA' and Edgar Allan Poe's famous: 'NARRATIVE OF A. GORDON PYM OF NANTUCKET' . . . not to mention every single other tale of horror that Edgar Allan Poe EVER WROTE . . . they'll be on their way to you SOON so stay tuned into the HORROR-MOOD . . .

. . . JOEL WALKER writes that THE HUMAN GARGOYLES are his favorite characters and that 'ONLY THE STRONG SHALL SURVIVE' was by FAR the best story in NIGHTMARE #13 . . . SKYWALD is now creating a whole HORROR - BAGFUL of weird characters . . . everybody is workin' on one . . . Emotionally-Disturbed ED, Awkward AUGUSTINE and our newest mood-team member from CHICAGO . . . the loveliest little horror-mood team member you'd ever wanna meet . . . JAUNDICED JANE LYNCH . . . watch the mood-team create the most degenerate characters in the history of illustrated horror . . . and watch for them SOON . . .

. . . JEFF KAPALKA of the UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME in Indiana writes that "ONLY THE WRETCHED DIE YOUNG' was the best tale in NIGHTMARE #13 . . . fans of Rancid RICARDO VILLAMONTE will be pleased that this mood-team-maniac is doing the artwork for LADY SATAN, our new HORROR CHARACTER soon-to-be-introduced in PSYCHO . . . plus many many more macabre masterpieces . . .

. . . many readers like MICHAEL RUSSELL, KRIS FERRARI, RICHARD HARRON, DOUGLAS GRATZ, NICK MESTEL, and MIKE OOMS don't want to cut up coupons and BUNCH OF QUESTIONS pages when they write to us, so duplicated our 'coupons' on their own paper . . . that's GREAT people and we're really complimented that you don't want to tear up our issues just for a coupon . . . just as long as your name and address are clear-to-read we don't care if you send in your notes n' coupons on a STONE TABLET (as long as YOU pay the postage . . . heh heh . . .)

. . . DAVE UNDERWOOD writes ". . . . let's see a story that has a gangster (1920-1935) get involved with a killer-thing that roams the big-city at night . . . possibly killing off the gun-men of his mob . . . "that GREAT idea will be the theme of our upcoming tale: "THE NARRATIVE OF SKUT" . . . miss it not . . . (and thankee) . . .

. . . and also watch for Emotionally - Disturbed Ed's: 'THE CRIME IN SATAN'S CRYPT', 'RAVINGS OF THE DAMNED', 'TAPESTRY OF BLOOD' and his latest: 'THE LEGEND OF THE WERE-HYENA' . . .

. . . and Archaic Al's upcoming: 'THE THING IN THE BOX', 'THE GHOUL,, 'DRACULA DID NOT DIE', 'WHEN THE BAD MOON RISES — I AM A GHOUL', and 'THE ANCIENT ONE' . . .

. . . is the HORROR-MOOD burning into your BRAIN? So say MANY of you who write every month that SKYWALD is NUMERO UNO . . .

. . . the MOOD-TEAM is forever EXPERIMENTING and CHANGING, and only for ONE reason . . . because you say you want MORE horror and you TELL us how you WANT it . . . SKYWALD is PROUD that we ENTERTAIN you, and we TRY by reading your CORRESPONDENCE to find out your LIKES n' DISLIKES . . . it's the ONLY WAY folk . . . (that's a round-a-bout way of saying: 'WRITE . . . so that YOUR opinion will be known) . . .

. . . write me today and let YOUR wants be REALIZED through the ARCHAIC HORROR-MOOD . . .

. . . weird rap folk . . .

R.I.P.

—ARCHAIC—

. . . a little story by BOOBY-HATCH BOB BURROS entitled,

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE CRITICS . . .

. . . My name is Bob Hackney. You've seen my name in the credits of numerous low-budget horror flicks (if the theaters bother to exhibit them after certain tabloid critics ploy their dubious "craft"). Producer Bud L. Corden usually mentions that the screenplay is based upon an original story by Bob Hackney. Corden studios operates, of course, on a low budget, but it does provide bread for actors and actresses who enjoy the work, and it puts groceries on the table for technicians, grips, a director, et. al. The studio has filmed such tales as 'I Was a Teenage Zombie", "The Reincarnation of the Mummy-Empress"; "Dracula's Grandmother Meets Caligula", "My Time Machine Took Me to Mars", ad infinitum . . .

. . . However, since movie-critics Floyd Frisbee and Shelton Stupe of the tabloid "DAILY NOOSE" started giving us lousy reviews, we have had problems getting our flicks distributed; hence our people have been experiencing somewhat of an economic recession . . .

. . . So, I went into the conference room with Mr. Corden, and with my lady-love, former silent screen star Miss Vanessa Devon (whom I had resurrected from the pages of my favourite horror-mood publishers, Skywald) and we decided on a strategy regarding the aforenamed critics . . . a strategy of just-retribution (heh . . . heh)!!

. . . The studio is now closed and we are all on the soup-line. However, we sent an invitation to critics Frisbee and Stupe, mentioning that their rag had never run a "scoop" on a deserted film studio. They fell for it, hook, line and sinker . . .

. . . Arriving at the studio office at sunset, the office ominously cobwebbed, the critics were greeted by yours truly and by Miss Devon, perched upon my knee. Mr. Corden had decided to let us handle this problem on our own, since he has enough ulcers as it is. So Vanessa and I guided Frisbee and Stupe into a combined film set and prop room, filled with the props from our varied flicks. We positioned the confused duo, soon to be the defused duo . . .

. . . I yelled, "Camera! Lights! ACTION!" We had good Al Archaic there focusing the camera on the cruddy critics. Vanessa and I chanted an incantation from a crumbling ancient book, with an "EC" imprint in the upper left hand corner and a 10¢ price in the upper right hand corner. The two critics questioned us as to what was happening, and Vanessa informed Frisbee and Strupe that THEY would be imortalized, in other words, we were honoring them by putting them on film! YES, the two critics were no longer on the set, but they had brooked the dimensions and were, indeed, ON FILM!

The title of the film "starring" Frisbee and Stupe was "Oblivion". But, this picture would never reach one theater. You see, my Vanessa and I burned it . . . (heh . . . heh). We made sure the critics got a good SLOW BURN . . .

. . . this . . . is awkward AUGUSTINE FUNNELL . . .

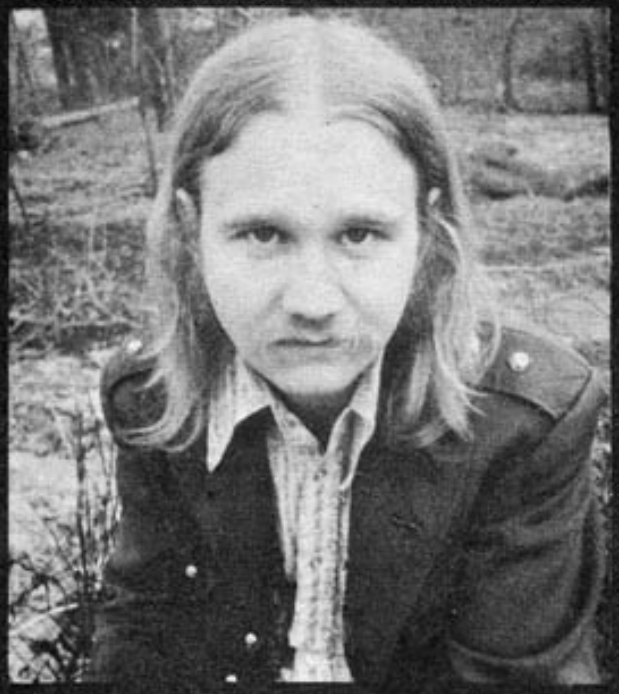


photo: HEWETSON

. . . Gus was introduced for the first time in the comic medium in NIGHTMARE #12 in the tale MONSTER, MONSTER ON THE WALL, which was so inspiring it prompted a sequel: MONSTER, MONSTER IN THE GRAVE . . . it was so popular a character that MONSTER, MONSTER (a werewolf) has been made into a regular continued character, and chapter 3 will be presented soon as: MONSTER, MONSTER RISE OUT THY CRYPT . . . awkward Augustine is a young Canadian of many literary aspirations (and certain illiterate perspirations) and will be featured regularly herein with such tales as: THE MONSTROSITY, GHOULS WALK AMONG US, and SHIFT: VAMPIRE . . .

OTHER KITTY KATS AMUSE THEIR MASTERS WITH CUTE ANTICS! ALL YOU DO IS SIT AROUND READIN' THAT HORROR JUNK!
DON'T BUG ME, LUNATIC! I'M JUST GETTIN' INTA' TH' HORROR MOOD!
© 1973 JAY LYNCH

. . . after their appearance in these letters pages a few issues ago, NARD n' PAT started SQUABBLING about the nature of the abstract HORROR-MOOD . . . creator JAY LYNCH sent us along this little photo to show just what can happen when man's best friend (a black cat) gets into the HORROR-MOOD . . .

... SHE MUST BE IN THE TRUNK...
... SHE MUST BE IN THE TRUNK ... I PUT HER IN THE TRUNK ... ...I KILLED HER... I STUFFED HER INTO THE TRUNK AFTER I SHOVED A KNIFE INTO HER STOMACH...
...OH LORD...

...THIS... IS HORROR...

. . . artist DELA ROSA (alias DREADFUL DELA) collaborated with Archaic Al to concoct a tale of utter evil in: I LAUGH THE LAUGH OF THE GRACEFUL DEAD, to be published in NIGHTMARE, companion title to PSYCHO and SCREAM . . . the tale concerns two young jealous girls . . . one girl kills the other girl and buries her, then finds out she hasn't at all as the dead girl exclaims she isn't dead and kills the first girl . . . but then, of course, the second girl doesn't die either . . . if you want to make SENSE out of this then read one of the WEIRDEST tales EVER WRITTEN . . . on sale soon . . .

UGH

. . . PSYCHO proudly ⇶ choke ⇷ presents a DOUBLE SCREAM SCREEN REVIEW of two of the WEIRDEST films of 1973 . . . WHO SLEW AUNTIE ROO? And (Below the crypt lies the:) VAULT OF HORROR . . . two films we RECOMMEND you SEE because they are ENTERTAINMENT from START to FINISH . . . two films which represent the BEST in MODERN FILM HORROR . . . yet they are two films very DIFFERENT in STYLE and PREMISE . . . WHO SLEW AUNTIE ROO? is a psychotic MELODRAMA . . . while the VAULT OF HORROR is a COLLECTION of short and unrelated TALES OF THE MACABRE strung together and presented as an assemblage of REAL and PHYSICAL horrors . . .
. . . so you shall see . . . and we review:

VAULT OF HORROR AND WHO SLEW AUNTIE ROO?

. . . these sweet CHILDREN are the two orphans who cause AUNTIE ROO to reminisce about her OWN dead child . . . she transfers her possessive love to the little girl and the HORRORS BEGIN . . .

HAVE YOU EVER HELD
A SKELETON IN YOUR ARMS?
the hand that rocks the cradle
has no flesh on it!
JAMES H. NICHOLSON SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF
SHELLEY WINTERS MARK LESTER
RALPH RICHARDSON
WHO SLEW AUNTIE ROO?
co-starring
JUDY CORNWELL · MICHAEL GOTHARD · HUGH GRIFFITH
as The Pigman
and
LIONEL JEFFRIES
as Willoughby
GP
"THIS FILM CONTAINS MATERIAL NOT GENERALLY SUITABLE FOR PRE-TEENAGERS"
Screenplay by ROBERT BLEES and JAMES SANGSTER · Additional dialogue by GAVIN LAMBERT · Based on an original story by DAVID OSBORN · Music by KENNETH V. JONES · Executive Producer LOUIS M. HEYWARD
COLOR BY MOVIELAB
Produced by SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF and JAMES H. NICHOLSON · Directed by CURTIS HARRINGTON · An AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL/HEMDALE PRODUCTION

. . . **WHO SLEW AUNTIE ROO?** is a good movie, **IF** you get through the first half of it which is so dry and dull you'll spend more time at the popcorn counter than at your seat . . . but once you get **INTO** it (correction: once **THEY** get **INTO** it) it becomes very exciting (if melodramatic) and makes good psychotic entertainment . . .

. . . Miss Shelley Winters, a veteran horror actress, acts her role as a middle-aged, weird, lunatic very well, as might be expected . . . despite our sarcasm, Miss Winters is really one of our favourite movie people, primarily because she plays the most **CONVINCING** madwoman ever seen on the screen . . . In **THIS** movie she is doubly great because coincidentally that happens to be the role called for . . .

. . . the children play their naive characters well, and Sir Ralph Richardson is very good, although there's not really enough of him . . . the plot is held together by good direction (Curtis Harrington) and the color photography is very good indeed (why is the color in horror movies always so lousy?)
. . . we commend Desmond Dickinson for his weird camera sequences and also Tristram Cones for excellent editing . . .

. . . this release by **AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL** is one we recommend you see . . . it is a **PSYCHOLOGICAL DRAMA** with **SHELLEY WINTERS** as the **FEATURED PSYCHOTIC**, and that means it's very **GOOD ENTERTAINMENT** . . .

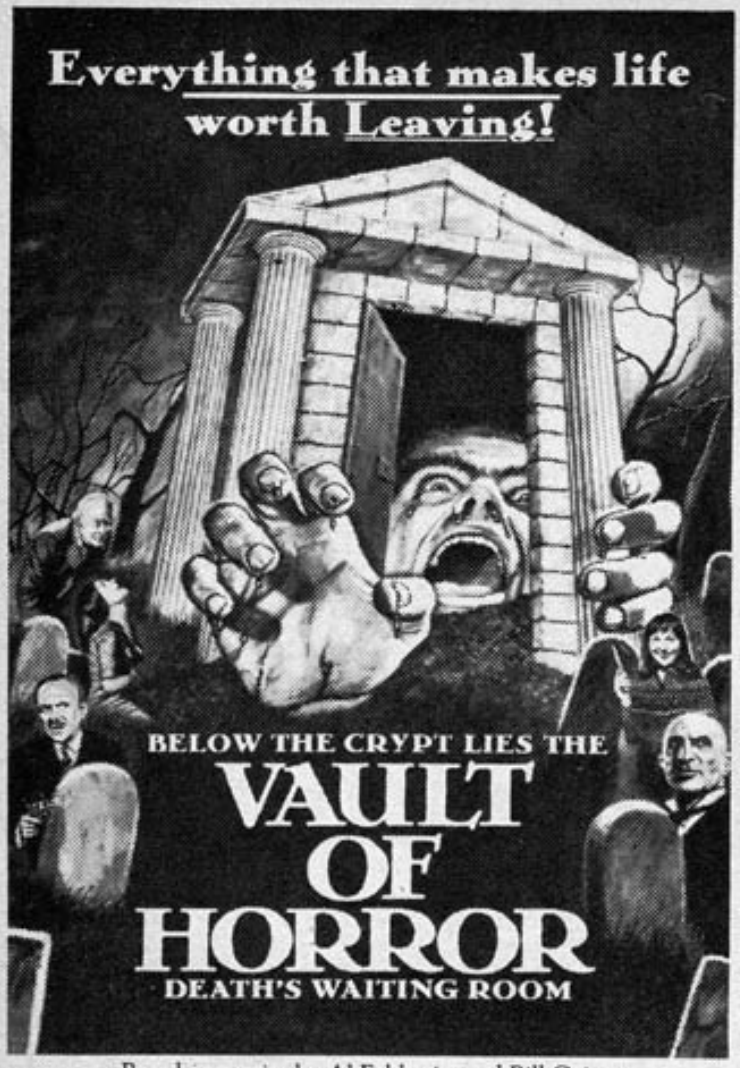
. . . SHELLEY WINTERS as Rosie Forrest (Auntie Roo), is, of course, excellent as the middle-aged madwoman who fanatically threatens the children with a butcher knife when they try to escape her house . . . she is excellent in ANY film in which she plays an unbalanced lunatic, which is often . . .

. . . SIR RALPH RICHARDSON as 'Mr. Benton' . . . the 'medium', is, of course, excellent as the evil, deceitful old twit who conducts seances to connive money out of Auntie Roo, who believes he's helping her to communicate with her dead daughter . . .

. . . MICHAEL GOTHARD as Albie (a servant to Auntie Roo) is interesting only when he leaves the house and hence this movie . . . his contribution is limited to this 'attack scene' which perks up the first half of the film which is so slow-moving you're liable to fall asleep . . .

. . . Orphan Christopher (Mark Lester) and waif Katy (Chloe Franks) are made victims to step-Auntie Roo (Shelley Winters) when they stay after a weird Christmas party in her macabre mansion . . .

. . . MARK LESTER as orphan-Christopher plays a very convincing child who needs love and affection . . . it is not offered by Auntie Roo who only proffers affection upon his sister . . . as he rescues her at the end of the movie he brutally murders Auntie Roo by leaving her locked up inside her burning house . . .



Based on stories by Al Feldstein and Bill Gaines
Metromedia Producers Corporation Presents An Amicus Production
"VAULT OF HORROR"

starring DAWN ADDAMS	GLYNIS JOHNS	ANNA MASSEY
TOM BAKER	EDWARD JUDD	DANIEL MASSEY
MICHAEL CRAIG	CURT JURGENS	TERRY-THOMAS
DENHOLM ELLIOTT		

Written by MILTON SUBOTSKY
Produced by MAX J. ROSENBERG and MILTON SUBOTSKY Executive Producer CHARLES FRIES
Directed by ROY WARD BAKER Color by Color

. . . the VAULT OF HORROR from Cinerama Releasing, is an excellent entertainment movie in the tradition of TALES FROM THE CRYPT, a film released last year (our review appeared in NIGHTMARE #8) by the same company, producers, directors and writers, tho it does present NEW PLAYERS! Five tales are linked together in the old E.C. Horror Tradition, all based on tales by AL FELDSTEIN and BILL GAINES . . . all were originally published as comic book horror stories in the 1950's publication: THE VAULT OF HORROR . . . MIDNIGHT MESS stars Daniel and Anna Massey, and Mike Pratt . . . BARGAIN IN DEATH features Michael Craig, Edward Judd and Geoffrey Davies . . . THIS TRICK'LL KILL YOU stars Curt Jurgens and Dawn Addams . . . THE NEAT JOB presents Terry-Thomas and Glynis Johns . . . and DRAWN AND QUARTERED stars Tom Baker as the WEIRDEST painter you'd ever NOT want to meet . . . lots of GHASTLY fun . . .

photo: HEWETSON

. . . . AL FELDSTEIN originally sCRYPTed these weird horror tales in the 1950's in the comic book: THE VAULT OF HORROR . . . his tales are remembered today as the finest the field has ever known, and the old E.C. artwork by Jack Davis, Wally Wood, Will Elder, Frank Frazetta, Johnny Craig and ghastly Graham Ingles are graphic exercises in living horror . . .

. . . Terence Alexander gets ACID thrown in his face in DRAWN AND QUARTERED, a tale full of such macabre acts of vengeance . . .

. . . Curt Jurgens is infatuated by an Indian rope trick which leads to his final STRANGULATION, Glynis Johns violently attacks her husband with a HAMMER, Tom Baker kills Denholm Elliott by forcing him to commit SUICIDE, Curt Jurgens threatens to SLIT A MAN'S THROAT, and GREEDY brother and sister Anna Massey and Daniel Massey (offspring of famous Raymond Massey) fight for money to the DEATH . . . some of the ghastly fun and games in VAULT OF HORROR

...INTRODUCE YOURSELF TO A FICTIONAL ARTIST SOMEWHERE IN A GARRET IN AN OFT-THOUGHT FICTIONAL COUNTRY...THE ***UNITED STATES OF AMERICA***... WHERE A LABOR OF MACABRE LOVE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN...

...THERE ARE NO NAMES IN THIS FICTIONAL ACCOUNT...NAMES ARE UNNECESSARY... ALTHOUGH WE'D LIKE TO SAY THAT ALL CHARACTERS ARE FICTITIOUS AND IF ANYBODY LOOKS LIKE ANY REAL-BODY IT DOESN'T REALLY MEAN ALL THAT MUCH...

...I DUNNO...

...STRIKES ME THE KIND OF HORROR THAT READER IS LIKE IS ***FANTASY HORROR***... REAL PEOPLE IN BIZARRE UNREAL SITUATIONS...

...MMMH...

...INTRODUCE YOURSELF TO A FICTIONAL GIRL SOMEWHERE IN A VERY REAL CITY IN THESE UNITED STATES... HER NAME IS ***NINA***...

...DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO HERE NOW THAT I'VE FOUND THE PLACE...THE GREATEST 'ARTIST OF THE MACABRE' THIS CENTURY HAS EVER KNOWN... ALSO A ***HERMIT***... KEEPS HIMSELF AWAY FROM SOCIETY LIKE IT HAS THE PLAGUE... NO ONE KNOWS ***WHY***...

...EVER SINCE I FIRST SAW HIS WEIRD WORK ON DISPLAY AT THAT EXHIBITION LAST MONTH ***I KNEW*** I HAD TO MEET HIM... SEARCHED AROUND...

...THAT LOOKS GOOD... LOOKS GOOD...

...GOOD OPENING... NICE ATTRACTIVE CHICK IN AN ORDINARY SETTING... BUT THE READER KNOWS ***FINE WELL*** THERE'S SOMETHIN' ***INSIDE*** THIS APARTMENT BLOCK THAT'S SLIGHTLY ***MAD***...

...FOUND OUT WHERE HE LIVES...

...BUT NOW THAT I'M HERE WHAT DO ***I DO?***

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...

SUSO 73

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...

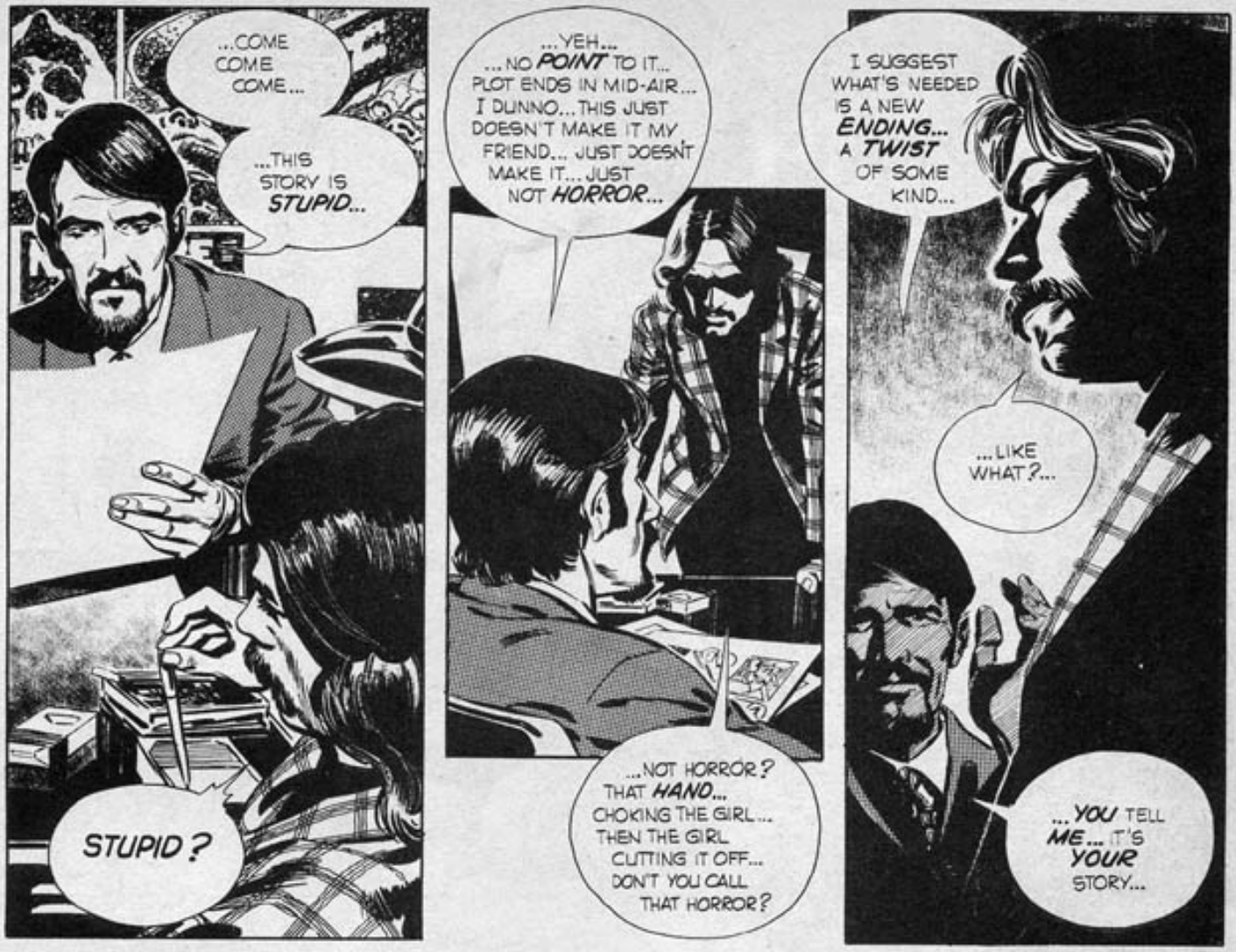
THE ARTIST'S OTHER HAND

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON

ILLUSTRATED BY SUSO

...NO SIGN OF HIM... MY GOD -- LOOK AT THIS GIRL... THESE PAINTINGS -- HIS PRIVATE COLLECTION IS EVEN MORE IMPRESSIVE THAN THE WORKS HE RELEASES TO THE PUBLIC...
...THIS ARCHAIC ABSTRACT OF A SLITHERING-SLIMY MAN IN A GRAVEYARD IS... IS LUNATIC...
...FEEL A BIT APPREHENSIVE... THIS CRUMBLING APARTMENT BLOCK... THE GUY MUST MAKE A FORTUNE ON HIS PAINTINGS... ...HOW COME HE LIVES IN SUCH A DUMP?
...HEY WOMAN...
...WHAT... YOU'RE HERE... WORKING... MY GOD IT'S REALLY YOU...
...WHO TOLD YOU TO COME HERE? WHO ARE YOU?... GET OUT...
BUT I...
...OH MY GOD...
...FOOL...
...LITTLE FOOL... I TOLD YOU TO GET OUT...
...WHAT'RE YOU DOING...
...IT'S NOT ME... GOD I SWEAR IT... THE HAND HAS... HAS A MIND OF ITS OWN... CAN'T STOP IT... CAN'T CONTROL IT...

...AAAA... AAAA... UGHH...
...CAN'T FIGHT IT WOMAN... TOO POWERFUL FOR EVEN THE BOTH OF US... CAN'T FIGHT... IT...
...THERE'S ALWAYS WAY TO FIGHT... ANYTHING...
SLKKKOOWWPP
...UGH...
...HE'S UNCONSCIOUS...
...CAN'T REALLY MAKE HEADS OR TAILS OF WHAT'S GOING ON... EVERYTHING SO CONFUSING...
...OH LORD...
...THE HAND STILL MOVES... WRITHING ABOUT LIKE IT DOES HAVE A MIND OF ITS OWN... HE SPOKE THE TRUTH...
... GOT TO HELP HIM SOMEHOW...
SOMEHOW!
ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
YES... FINE... FINE... I'M SORRY.. HAND'S BEEN CONTROLLING MY EVERY MOVE ALL THESE YEARS... IT'S BEEN DOING ALL MY PAINTINGS... IT WAS THE GENIUS... NOT ME...
... AND SO ENDS OUR TALE OF MINA AND THE ARTIST... MACABRE MEANDERERS INTO THE MAD WORLD OF... THE HORROR MOOD...
THAT SHOULD DO IT...
... NICE TIGHT PLOT... IT'S GOT EVERYTHING... THE EDITOR WILL LOVE IT...


...COME COME COME...
...THIS STORY IS STUPID...
STUPID?
...YEH... ...NO POINT TO IT... PLOT ENDS IN MID-AIR... I DUNNO... THIS JUST DOESN'T MAKE IT MY FRIEND... JUST DOESN'T MAKE IT... JUST NOT HORROR...
...NOT HORROR? THAT HAND... CHOKING THE GIRL... THEN THE GIRL CUTTING IT OFF... DON'T YOU CALL THAT HORROR?
I SUGGEST WHAT'S NEEDED IS A NEW ENDING... A TWIST OF SOME KIND...
...LIKE WHAT?...
...YOU TELL ME... IT'S YOUR STORY...

"WELL HOW ABOUT THIS... WE GO BACK TO WHERE THE HAND IS CHOKING THE GIRL... THE ARTIST IS TRYING TO PREVENT HIS OWN MUTANT LIMB FROM KILLING HER..."

...OH MY GOD... SHE'S DEAD... I KILLED HER...
WHAT HAVE I DONE? ... SHE DID NOTHING... THIS WRETCHED HAND... CAUSED THE DEATH OF AN INNOCENT CHILD!

THAT'S AN ENDING? ...YOU CALL THAT AN ENDING?
...IT'S PATHOS...
I KNOW WHAT IT IS... LOOK... THERE'S NO REAL ACTION IN THIS STORY...
NO ACTION... MY GOD... YOU DON'T CALL TWO PEOPLE TEARING AT A SINGLE POWERFUL HAND... TRYING TO PREVENT IT FROM CHOKING ONE OF THEM TO DEATH... ACTION... YOU DON'T CALL THAT ACTION?

GUESS WHAT JUST CAME IN?
THE HEAP PENCILS?
...HEAP?...
YEH--THE HEAP... WANNA SEE THEM?
...YEH... BRING THEM IN...

...BEAUTIFUL HUH?... LOOK AT THESE... THIS IS ACTION... THIS IS HORROR...
...THE HEAP STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET... TURNS ON THE GIANT SLUG WITH HATRED SEETHING IN HIS HUGE FETID BRAIN... TURNS TO THE SLUG, SPITTING AT HIS OBSCENE SHAWN OF SATAN, AND DRIVES HIS HEAD INTO THE THING'S GUT...
...BY THE WAY, HOW'S YOUR MUM, ED?...
...DIE...
...DIE...
HEAP VERSUS SLUG

...YOU WANT ACTION... ALRIGHT... I'LL GIVE YOU ACTION...
...LET'S GO BACK TO THE SCENE WHERE THE HAND STRANGLES THE GIRL...
...OH MY GOD... I'VE KILLED HER... KILLED HER...
...UGHH... GOD... CHOKING ME...
OH LORD I'VE JUST REALIZED... IT DIDN'T CHOKE THE GIRL BECAUSE... BECAUSE SHE'D FOUND OUT ABOUT ITS EXISTENCE... BUT BECAUSE IT WAS JEALOUS...
...GOT TO KILL IT... CUT IT OFF...
AAAAEEEEUGH
OH FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE... I'VE HAD IT WITH THIS HAND... WHAT DOES THE GUY MEAN THE HAND IS JEALOUS? WHAT DOES HE REALLY MEAN?
...DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND... THE HAND IS JEALOUS BECAUSE IT HAS A MIND... IT BECAME SO ATTACHED TO THE ARTIST OVER THE YEARS THAT IT RESENTED THE AFFECTIONS OF THE GIRL...
... WHERE DOES IT SAY THAT? WHERE DOES IT SAY THAT HUH? AND WHERE'S THE HORROR... THE HORROR?
...WHERE'S THE HORROR YOU CREEP? IT'S THE HAND... THE HAND IS THE HORROR...
...YOU PEOPLE THAT SIT IN GARRETS ALL DAY LONG ARE ALL THE SAME...

...YOU CAN'T COME INTO MY OFFICE AND SMASH ME IN THE FACE YOU LOUSY CRETIN ARTIST...
...WHERE'S THE HORROR? WHERE'S THE HORROR? THAT'S ALL YOU EVER SAY... THERE'S MORE IN LIFE THAN JUST HORROR...
...MAYBE... BUT NOT IN A HORROR MAGAZINE...
...OH LORD...
...CRETIN ARTIST... WHERE'S THE HORROR IN A STORY ABOUT 3 LOUSY HANDS... WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL...
...NOW YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT HORROR IS... THE HEAP IS HORROR... GARGOYLES ARE HORROR... MUTANT SQUIDS AND GIANT MAN-EATING SLUGS ARE HORROR...
...BUT WHERE'S THE HORROR IN A STUPID STORY ABOUT SOME STUPID ARTIST WITH 3 HANDS?
...STUPID MEDIOCRE CREEP ARTISTS... YOU'RE ALL THE SAME...
...NOW... YOU SHALL BE MADE AN EXAMPLE OF...
...DIE...
...CRETIN ARTIST CREEP...
...DIE!...
...YOU SEE THE BACKGROUND IN THIS HEAP PANEL?... DRAW IN SOME MUTANT SQUIDS CRAWLING OUT OF THE OCEAN...
...HOW BIG YOU WANT THE SQUIDS?...
...OH... MAKE THEM EACH ABOUT THE SIZE OF A HOUSE...
...AND SO ENDS OUR TALE...
R.I.P.

...WHEN THE FIRST AMERICAN SETTLERS ESTABLISHED HOMESTEADS IN NEW ENGLAND THEY PUSHED THE RED MAN OFF HIS PROPERTY IN A GRAB FOR PLUSH LAND... NATURALLY, THE AMERICAN INDIAN FOUGHT BACK AND THE TALES OF INDIAN WARS IN THESE EARLY DAYS ARE MANY...
...IT IS OF THOSE DAYS THAT WE WRITE WHEN WE TELL THE TRUTH BEHIND THE MYTH OF:
THE HORROR THAT'S NOT AS IT SEEMS
...THE WHITE GOVERNMENT OF THE DAY SET UP A BOUNTY TO ANY MAN WHO KILLED AN INDIAN AND BROUGHT BACK HIS BODY AS PROOF OF HIS DEATH, THIS WAS TOO MUCH WORK FOR A FEW DOLLARS... SO THE MURDERERS WOULD REMOVE A CERTAIN PORTION OF THE INDIAN'S HAIR AND SCALP AND PRESENTED IT AS PROOF... FOR NO MAN COULD HAVE A PORTION OF HIS HEAD REMOVED AND REMAIN ALIVE...
...THE PROCEDURE BECAME KNOWN AS 'SCALPING' AND ITS ORIGIN WAS LATER ATTRIBUTED TO THE AMERICAN INDIAN, WHICH IS A MYTH... THE RED MAN ADOPTED THE ATROCITY ONLY AS A DEMONSTRATION OF VENGEANCE...
...THE TRUTH BEHIND ONE OF MANKIND'S MOST AWFUL OF HORRORS IS NOT AS IT SEEMS...

HANGING MORE LIKE *SHROUDS* THAN SAILS---MORE LIKE *FUNERAL* DRESSINGS THAN CANVAS, A LONE SHIP COURSES THE ISLAND-DOTTED EXPANSE OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.' THE SUN CREEPS OVER ON THE HORIZON, AS A *GAUNT* SAILOR FIGHTS HIS *SOLITARY BATTLE* AGAINST *SLEEP*. HE IS...

A MAN WHO DARE NOT SLEEP!

THE *MIST*... THOSE *HIDEOUS SEALS* OF *BLOOD*---

OH, GOD IN HEAVEN, *HELP ME*!!

KEEP ME *AWAKE*---

MUST NOT SLEEP!!!

A SECONDS REST MAY JUST AS WELL BE AN...

...*ETERNITY*!!!

AS *SPASMS* OF *FATIGUE* DULL THE MIND, SO DOES IT RECALL IN *GRIM REALITY*, THE *TERROR-RIDDEN* EVENTS OF THE LAST WEEK....

I HAVE SEEN THESE *WOUNDS* BEFORE!!

AT *VARNA*---

THE SEAL OF THE VAMPIRE!!!

I MUST KEEP THIS A *SECRET*.' CAN'T ALLOW *PANIC* TO RULE THE SHIP.'

WITH THE HELP OF GOD, *SYDNEY*, IN A *WEEK*!!

CAPTAIN!! *HE'S HERE*!!

HELP ME, CAPTAIN!!

HELP ME!!!

AAAAIIIIIIIEEEEEE!!!!!

GOD REST HIS *POOR* SOUL...

...*NOW*, ONLY THE *TWO* OF US *REMAIN*!!

WRITTEN BY ED FEDORY
ILLUSTRATED BY DELA ROSA

AS THE FINAL NOTES OF DAY REFLECT ON THE WIND-TOSSED AZURE SEA.....
THE WIND'S UP! I DARE NOT STRIKE THE SAILS---
WITH FOUR SHEETS TO THE WIND WE'LL FLY INTO PORT AS IF SATAN HIMSELF WAS RIDING OUR WAKE!!
TOMORROW WE'LL BE IN SIGHT OF LAND!!
PRAY GOD, I DO NOT....
...SLEEP.
WITH THE WIND IN THE RIGGIN'S.....
...SHOULD..... SHOULD.....
...SIGHT....
A DULL THUD SPLITS THE FOG, AS TIRED MUSCLES ALLOW THE CRUCIFIXES TO FALL UPON THE TEAK DECKING! AS THOUGH BECKONED BY THE SOUND, A GAUNT, HELL-SPAWNED SPECTRE SLIPS FROM BETWEN THE FOLDS OF NIGHTED MIST.....
FINALLY. THE FOOL SLEEPS!!!
HIS GODS CAN NOLONGER PROTECT HIM!!

A SARDONIC SMILE PASSES OVER TWISTED LIPS, AS CORRUPTED LUNGS HEAVE HIDEOUS LAUGHTER TO THE HEAVENS.....
YOU HAVE LOST, NOBLE CAPTAIN!! ...NOT ONLY YOUR LIFE.... ...BUT, YOUR SOUL!!
THE CROSSES!! HOW?!?!
SLEEP, MY CAPTAIN!! YOU MERELY HAD TO FALL ASLEEP!!
A PETTY MISTAKE, BUT DEADLY!!
HA HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA HA
WHEN WE REACH PORT, NONE WILL REMAIN TO TELL THE TALE!
YOUR SHIP WILL JUST BE RECORDED AS ANOTHER ENIGMA OF THE SEA....
... NOTHING MORE!!
AND YOU, BLACK LEECH?!?! YOU WILL CONTINUE TO SUCK THE BLOOD OF INNOCENT VICTIMS!!
OF COURSE!! HA HA HAAAAAA!!!!!
THERE IS ONLY ONE CHANCE OF SLAYING THIS DEMON!
BUT, THE CLOUDS ARE THICK... THERE SHALL BE NO BREAK IN THEM THIS NIGHT!
DEAR GOD IN HEAVEN!! IF ONLY YOU COULD PART THESE CLOUDS!!!
YOU HAVE HAD A STRONGER WILL THAN MOST, MY CAPTAIN!!...
... AND MY VICTORY SHALL TASTE ALL THE BETTER FOR IT!!!

THOUSANDS OF FEET ABOVE THE SHIP'S RIGGINGS, A STRANGE, CELESTIAL TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE....
THE CLOUDS... THEY PART!!!
THEY'RE BREAKING UP!!!
I'M SAVED.... ...SAVED!!!!
SAVED??? HA HA HAAAAA!!!!!
ON THE CONTRARY, GOOD CAPTAIN-- YOUR DEATH IS MOST CERTAIN.... ...FOR I HUNGER!!!
NEVER AGAIN WILL YOU SUCK THE BLOOD OF HUMANS... ...PARASITE!!
YOU SPEAK WITH A TONGUE THAT EQUALS YOUR IGNORANT MIND.... ...IT IS YOU WHO SHALL BE CAST AS THE VICTIM IN THIS SATANIC THEATRE!!
LOOK THEN, TO THE SKIES!!
AAAaaaarrrrgghh!!
WHAT MADNESS IS THIS!! MY BODY FEELS OF FIRE!!!
SEE THE POSITION OF THOSE STARS TO PORT.... ...A STRANGE FORMATION, BUT ONE WELL KNOWN TO MARINERS ON THESE SEAS....
NOOO

HA
....THE SOUTHERN CROSS!!!!
HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA HA

CASSANDRA... SORCERESS OF THE SEVENTH WIND

CALADAN, CITY OF A THOUSAND LIGHTS, MEETS EACH DAY AS IT HAS MET THEM FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS. FOR WHEN THE EARTH WAS NEW, CALADAN WAS OLD AND PROSPEROUS...
...YES, SWEET LADIES... THE FINEST SILKS THE WORLD HAS TO OFFER.
LOOK AT THESE WOMEN. STURDY... STRONG. WHATEVER THE WORK, THEY CAN HANDLE IT. AND BEAUTY? EACH IS AS THE SUMMER'S BREEZE ...GENTLE... CARESSING.
SPICES, MY FRIENDS TO ADD TASTE TO YOUR HEART'S DESIRE...
GOOD DAY, MY FRIENDS GOOD DAY. THIS JOYOUS MONTH OF MAY. THE BIRDS DOTH SING, THE OCEANS FLOW, AND WHAT JOY, NO SPIRITS WOE. I BID YOU FRIENDS, GOOD DAY.
YES, MY FRIENDS... A RHYME... A LYRIC... A SONG FOR THE SELLER OF FEMALE FLESH...
A RHYME, MINSTREL... A RHYME FOR BROTHER JADE.
WE SEE YON JADE OF LONG BLACK CURLS SELLING THE FLESH OF SWEET YOUNG GIRLS. EACH WITH COMPLEXIONS BLUSHING RED, AND FOR WHOM IT MUST NOT BE SAID...
HA, HA! VERY GOOD, MINSTREL, VERY GOOD!
ANOTHER... ANOTHER RHYME, MINSTREL.
A RHYME, GOOD FRIENDS, I'LL SING TO YOU. JUST NAME A NAME AND A SONG I'LL DO.

WRITTEN BY MARVIN WOLFMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY DON HECK AND MIKE ESPOSITO

THERE, BRANDON THE BLACKSMITH. A RHYME FOR HIM!
AWAY! I HAVE NO TIME FOR SUCH FOOLISHNESS!
THERE STANDS MIGHTY BRANDON, IRONCLAD, WITH MUSCLES STRONG AND TEMPER BAD. HE HAS NO TIME FOR THIS DITTY, FOR HIS MIND IS SMALL, OH SAD PITY.
I DON'T LIKE YOUR SONG, SINGER. TAKE IT BACK OR I'LL CRUSH YOU!
I HAD NO WISH TO OFFEND YOU!
IF YOU WISH AN APOLOGY, THEN LISTEN THUS...
NO, MINSTREL. YOU SHALL NOT APOLOGIZE!
BRANDON THEN IT SHALL BE A SONG WITH LI-GHT TOMFOOLERY.
ALL EYES TURN TOWARDS THE HARSH VOICE, AND THEY SEE...
CASSANDRA... QUEEN OF THE SEVENTH WIND!
THIS IS NO BUSINESS OF YOURS, WITCH. BE OFF!
SILENCE, BRUTISH OAF. MINSTREL, APOLOGIZE NOT. YOUR RHYME RINGS TRUE.
SOME SAY SHE IS A GODDESS COME FROM HEAVEN...
WHILE OTHERS INSIST SHE IS BUT A WITCH TO BE BURNED AT HELL'S STAKE!
I SAID AWAY. A WOMAN HAS NO PLACE HERE.
YOU WHO THINK WITH YOUR MUSCLES INSTEAD INSTEAD OF YOUR HEAD ALWAYS BELIEVE A WOMAN TO BE INFERIOR.
MUST LEARN, OAF!
YAGGHHH!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING... WHAA??
DEMONSTRATING MY INFERIORITY, FOOL.
HIGHER AND HIGHER INTO THE FERVID SKIES BRANDON GOES, UNTIL...
I TIRE OF THIS BOORISH EXHIBITION. DOWN, BRANDON...DOWN TO THE GROUND.
I LIKE YOU, MINSTREL. WOULD YOU CARE TO JOIN DAMON AND MYSELF IN OUR QUEST? I OFFER NO REWARD, LEST YOU ENJOY ENDLESS ADVENTURE.
I WOULD FIND IT AN HONOR, LOVELY CASSANDRA.

BUT THE GAIETY THAT IS CALADAN IS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND DEEP WITHIN THE FOUR CLUSTERED WALLS OF DEMON CASTLE WHERE MORLOCK THE WIZARDS STANDS DEFIANTLY BEFORE THE MIRROR OF TRUTH...
TOO LONG HAVE I GONE UNAVENGED... TOO LONG HAVE YOU SLIPPED TWIXT MY GRASP BUT NOW YOU ARE MINE.
MIRROR OF TRUTH... REVEAL UNTO ME THE WHEREABOUTS OF MY COWARDLY FOE.
SO NEAR? IT SEEMS AS IF FATE REWARDS ME FOR MY INFINITE PATIENCE.
NOW TO EXACT MY BITTER-SWEET REVENGE.
ENOUGH, MYNSTREL. I FEAR THAN EVEN YOUR SOFT RHYMES MAY ALERT THE ONE I SEEK TO OUR PRESENCE.
OH RIDES CASSANDRA OF THE SEVENTH WIND AS BEAUTIFUL AND GENTLE AS CAN BE...
INDEED, EVEN AS WE SPEAK IN HUSHED TONES, WE DRAW EVEN CLOSER TO OUR DESTINATION.
AND SUDDENLY THE SKIES TURN AN EBONY BLACK AS LIVING STORM CLOUDS ROLL QUICKLY OVER CASSANDRA AND HER VALIANT PARTY...
WHAT IS THIS MADNESS? MERE SECONDS BEFORE IT WAS CLEAR AS SPRING.
THERE IS NO PLACE TO HIDE FROM MORLOCK'S LIGHTNING... NO WHERE TO RUN 'TIL MY VENGEANCE IS DONE.
TO COVER, MY FRIENDS. RACE FOR COVER!
I KNOW NOT REASON FOR THIS COWARDLY ATTACK...
BUT... NONE MAY ATTACK CASSANDRA WITHOUT FEELING HER MIGHT IN RETURN.

CASSANDRA REACHES TOWARDS HER HORSES HILTER AND DRAWS FROM IT A SWORD ABLAZE WITH EMERALD FIRE...
LET THOSE WHO MOCK CASSANDRA. FOR NONE CAN FACE THE INFINITE POWER OF BANSHEE, THE FLAMING SWORD, AND SURVIVE.
AN UNEARTHLY SCREAM RAGES FORTH FROM THE FLAMING SWORD, AND THEN...
BY FRELM! MIGHTY SWORD, FLAME ON FOR YOUR MISTRESS. DESTROY...DESTROY!!
TWIN BEAMS OF MYSTIC ENERGIES MEET HIGH ABOVE THE SOILED CORRIDORS OF EARTH AND BURST INTO MULTI-COLORED LUMINESCENCE THAT BATHES THE YOUNG PLANET IN A HARSH APOCOLYPTIC GLOW...
LET THE FLAMES OF CERBERUS DO EACH OTHER BATTLE, WIZARD.
BUT YOU I WISH TO MEET IN FLESH, NOT SPIRIT.
COME FORTH FROM YOUR CONCEALMENT, OR HENCEFORTH BE KNOWN AS COWARD.
FOOLISH WOMAN YOU FRIGHTEN ME NOT.
YOUR POWERS ARE AS OF WORMS COMPARED TO MINE. YOUR WEAPONS ARE MEANINGLESS...INEFFECTUAL ORNAMENTATION.
DO NOT ATTEMPT TO FRIGHTEN ME, WOMAN. FOR YOU CAN NOT.

AND THEN, AS IF MOCKING THE QUEEN OF THE SEVENTH WIND...
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
ARGHHH!
AND THERE IS ONLY SILENCE...
AT LAST, WITHIN MY REACH THE ONE FOR WHOM I HAVE SEARCHED SO LONG.
ATLANTIS, YOU SHALL BE AVENGED! YOUR MURDERER IS HERE!
THE PURPLE SHROUD THAT LAY PRESSED AGAINST CASSANDRA'S MIND LIFTS, AND HER EYES SLOWLY OPEN TO SEE...
WHERE...?
THE JUNGLE STILL SURROUNDS ME LIKE SOME DARK FORBODING NIGHTMARE!
DAMON, YOU ARE THERE, BUT...
MYNSTREL!! WHERE IS MYNSTREL?
AND AS SUDDENLY AT IT CAME, THE STRANGE COUNTERENCE IS GONE...
DAMON SHE IS NEARBY.
OUR QUEST IS ENDING AT LAST!
WE MUST HURRY TO THE CASTLE. FOR NOT ONLY MAY WE RESCUE YOUNG MYNSTREL, BUT CASSANDRA CAN AGAIN BE WITH US!
AND THEN, SUDDENLY CASSANDRA'S EYES GO BLANK, HER MIND EXPLODES, AND SHE SEEMS AS IF LINKED TO SOME FORCE AS YET UNKNOWN...
YES! I HEAR YOU, CASSANDRA. I HEAR YOU CRYING.
I HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN YOU!
I COME, MY GEMINI... I COME TO BE WHOLE WITH YOU.
THE CASTLE. HE MUST HAVE BEEN TAKEN THERE.
BUT WHY MYNSTREL... A MERE SINGER OF SONGS?
COULD IT BE THAT MORLOCK WAS NOT AFTER ME AT ALL, DAMON, BUT THAT MYNSTREL WAS HIS TARGET?
WHY? WHY?

ENTER NOT, MISTRESS. I SENSE DISASTER!
SO, DAMON, THE DOOMSAYER, SPEAKS! FEAR NOT FOR ME, OLD FRIEND!
WORRY ONLY FOR MORLOCK, FOR HE HAS INCURRED THE WRATH OF CASSANDRA.
THIS CANNOT BE. ALL MY POWERS HAVE YET TO OPEN THIS SIMPLE DOOR.
ARE MORLOCK'S POWERS INFINITE?
IS THERE NOTHING WE CAN DO, DAMON?
CASSANDRA MOVES FROM BEFORE THE IMPASSABLE DOOR AS DAMON STARES AT IT, HIS STAFF EXTENDED. FOR LONG MOMENTS NOTHING HAPPENS, AND THEN...
IT FALLS AS BUTTER MELTS BEFORE A HEATED BLADE.
THERE IS STILL SO MUCH ABOUT YOU, DAMON OF WHICH I KNOW NOT!
BUT COME, WE MUST RESCUE MINSTREL.
CASSANDRA RACES THROUGH THE WINDING CORRIDORS OF DEMON CASTLE, AND THEN, SUDDENLY, AS IF FROM NOWHERE...
BY FRELM! WHAT ARE THESE HORRORS THAT STAND BEFORE ME?
ARE THEY SOME BLASPHEMOUS PERVERTED REALITY, OR A NIGHTMARISH ILLUSION?
WHICHEVER THEY SHALL NOT STOP CASSANDRA!

THEY ARE REAL, AS REAL AS THEY LOOK. INDEED IT TOOK A SORCERER MIGHTIER THAN MYSELF TO CONJURE THEM!
BUT... CASSANDRA SHALL STILL DEFEAT THEM!
THE INNER FORCE THAT IS CASSANDRA PUSHES HER WAY THROUGH AS SHE AND BANSHEE THE FLAMING SWORD OPEN A PATH AGAINST THE MYRIAD OF MINDLESS CREATURE-- THAT TEAR AT HER...
I BEGIN TO WEAKEN... THESE BEASTS DRAW BLOOD, BUT STILL I MUST FIGHT.
I MUST... I MUST!!
I MUST!!

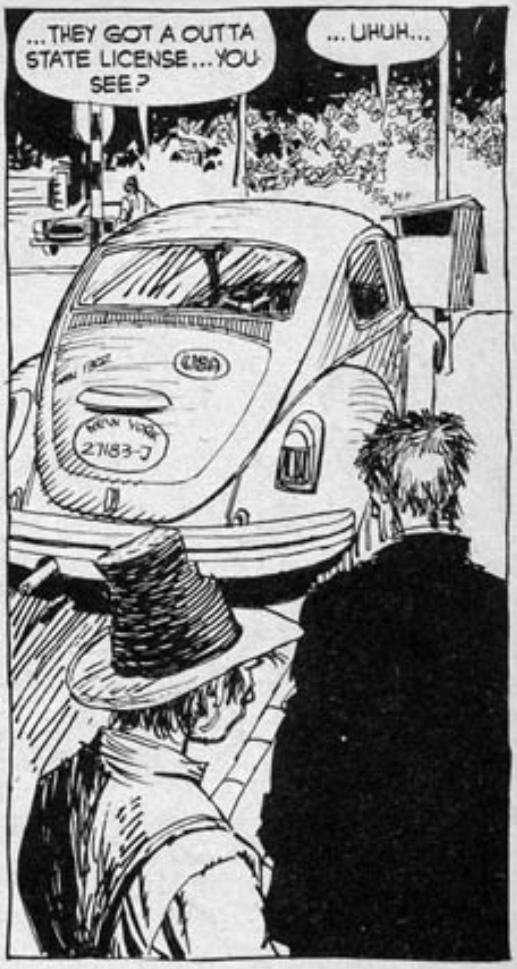
YOU HAVE RUN A LONG JOURNEY, MYNSTREL. BUT NOW I HAVE YOU HERE, BEFORE ME, AND YOU SHALL PAY DEARLY FOR YOUR CRIMES.
REMOVE YOUR SPELL FROM HIM, WIZARD, OR FEEL WRATH!
BLOOD DRIPS FROM YOUR BODY, WOMAN. YOU ARE WEAK, TIRED, AND YET YOU THREATEN ME!
YOU HAVE COURAGE, BUT YOU ARE A FOOL!
WITH THE SPEED OF AN ENRAGED CAT, CASSANDRA STRIKE OUT...
WHERE IS SHE, WIZARD? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH CASSANDRA?
SPEAK NOW OR PERISH!
YOU TALK IN RIDDLES, MAD ONE. YOU ARE CASSANDRA!
I AM RECEIVING MY STRENGTH THROUGH HER. SHE IS NEAR.
WHERE, DAMNED ONE? WHERE?
TOO LATE, THE CRIMSON BEAM STRUCK HIM!
BUT THAT STILL SHALL NOT STOP ME FROM LEARNING WHAT I WANT!
IF HE CANNOT SPEAK TO ME, HIS MIND CAN STILL REVEAL CASSANDRA'S PRESENCE...

CASSANDRA STANDS BEFORE THE UNCONSCIOUS FORM OF MORLOCK, IMPERIAL WIZARD OF ATLANTIS, AND...
MAY THE GREAT FRELM OPEN YOUR MIND TO ME. LET ALL THAT IS WITHIN BE SHARED OPEN WIDE YOUR KNOWLEDGE!
WHERE ARE YOU, CASSANDRA ...SPEAK TO ME!
GIVE ME YOUR HAND SO THAT I MAY FREE YOU!
SAVE ME, CASSANDRA... SAVE ME!
THEY'RE COMING AGAIN ...COMING TO TORTURE ME! HELP ME!
AND THEN, CASSANDRA FINDS HERSELF BEFORE THE THRESHOLD OF CONSCIOUSNESS, WITHIN THE MIND OF MORLOCK...
I MUST GO DEEPER INTO HIS UNCONSCIOUS TO FIND WHAT I SEEK.
WHERE ARE YOU? TELL ME WHERE YOU ARE!
THEY'RE COMING FOR ME, CASSANDRA ...COMING!
SAVE ME... WE ARE TWO... BUT WE ARE ONE... SAVE ME, CASSANDRA... SAVE ME...
SHE IS THERE... FURTHER ON!
I MUST GET TO HER... RESCUE HER...
HOLD STILL, CASSANDRA. I COME FOR YOU.
WHAT HAPPENED? EVERYTHING'S BLACK!!

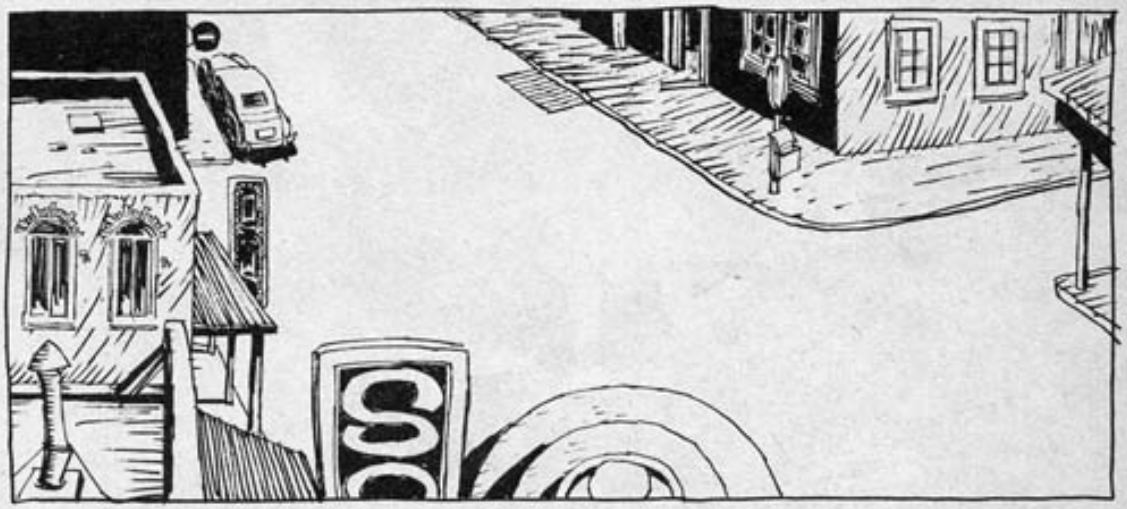
THE WIZARD'S DEAD, AND HIS MIND COULD REVEAL NO MORE!
STILL HAVE I TO FIND CASSANDRA... STILL MUST THE SEARCH CONTINUE!
CASSANDRA TURNS TO FIND MYNSTREL STILL WITHIN THE FLOATING SPELL OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS AND NURSING HER OWN POWERS, SHE ENDS THE SPELL FOREVER...
I'M FREE, CASSANDRA... BECAUSE OF YOU...
FROM THIS MOMENT ON, YOU ARE MY LIEGE, AND I AM TO FOLLOW YOU AS YOUR SLAVE...TO AMUSE YOU...TO LIGHTEN YOUR HEART WITH MY RHYMES!
SPEAK NOT OF RHYMES, MYNSTREL. BUT TELL ME WHY THE WIZARD MORLOCK SOUGHT YOU!
WHY DID THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF ATLANTIS' DOOM CAPTURE YOU? SPEAK TO ME, IF YOU CAN!
YOU ARE WRONG, CASSANDRA. HE WAS NOT ATLANTIS' SOLE SURVIVOR. THERE WAS ONE MORE...AND THAT WAS MYSELF!
I AM THE MAN WHO SUNK FAIR ATLANTIS!
WHAT??
AND AS TO WHY THE WIZARD OF ATLANTIS SOUGHT ME...BECAUSE, MY LIEGE!

THEY SAY THAT SOMEWHERE WITHIN ETERNITY STANDS THE QUESTION, "WHY?" REACHING OUT TOWARDS INFINITY, SEARCHING FOR THE FINAL ANSWER SO THAT IT MAY REST IN PEACE. AND SOMEWHERE IN THE VASTNESS THAT IS EVERYTHING, THE TRODDEN GLOBE KNOWN AS EARTH REVOLVES. AND ON THIS DUST-FILLED BOWL STANDS THREE PERSONS. ALL THREE, ENIGMAS...ALL THREE SEEM TO CRY OUT AND ASK, "WHY?" AND ALL THREE RECEIVE ONLY THE FAINTEST CLUE AS TO THEIR REASON OF BEING!

HE' COME BUNCHA DEM HIPPY-CRITERS JOEL...
...AH SEE 'EM...
DRUGS
SECURITY BANK
21
MUNCY
NICE WOMAN EH JOEL?
...UHUH...
...SHE ONLY A KID...
...NICE...
...WELL--UH--WHUT YOU WANNA DO JOEL?
...AH LA'K THE LOOK OF THET KID...
...I WANT THET LITTLE KID...
...YOU WANT ME TO GIT SOME OF THE GUYS OUT JOEL?
...YEH...



...THIS IS A TOWN IN ARKANSAS... IT ENDURES HOT DAYS, AND SUFFERS STEAMING NIGHTS... THE PEOPLE WORK AT BOTTLING SOUTHERN BOURBON DURING THE HOT DAYS... AND DURING THE STEAMING NIGHTS THEY SIT AROUND THEIR STOOPS DRINKIN' IT... THEY ARE A SLOW AND LETHARGIC PEOPLE... SLOW TO THINK AND ACT... BUT WHEN THEY ***DO***... THEY CAN MAKE A STEAMIN' NIGHT TURN SWEAT INTO ***BLOOD***... WHICH IS WHAT HAPPENS ON ***THIS*** NIGHT... AS WE START OUR TALE...



THE HIPPY-CRITERS ARE COMIN'

DO YOU THINK IT WAS WISE TO BRING HIM GARY?
...WHO? PETER?
...YES PETER! ...WHO ELSE?
...NOW LISTEN TO ME NANCY-EMPTY-HEAD... HAVEN'T YOU GOT A BRAIN.?
WE ARE A LONG LONG WAY FROM NEW YORK AND IT'S A BIT LATE FOR 2ND THOUGHTS...
DON'T YOU THINK PETER WILL BE ALRIGHT?.. AS LONG AS NOBODY KNOWS!
...THAT THEM..?
...YEHH...

...I'M GOING TO TAKE PETER SOME MEAT...
HE DEY COME...
...HOODI DOODI DOO... LOOKIT DET GIRL HUH?..
...SHUT YER FACE, TEDDY...
...WE SHOULD BE IN MADDON BEFORE NIGHTFALL...
... GOD I HOPE SO... I'M SO TIRED GARY...

...THIS CHICKEN SOUP TASTES MUCKY...
YOU'RE LUCKY YOU GOT ANY AT ALL...
...PEOPLE DOWN HERE IN THE SOUTH DON'T EAT CHICKEN SOUP..
...GOD-DAMN... AIN'T THEY EVER GONNA COME OUTTA THERE.?
BAR AND DRINKS
BEER
...SHUT YER FACE, HOOP...
...THEY'S PLENTY OF TIME YET...

MASSSHH
MY GOD I...
... SHUT HIS FACE...
... GET HER ONTO THE GRASS THERE ... GO WAN MOVE...
...SHUK JOEL... WHY'UNT YOU USE THE CAR...
PETER --GOD-- PETER...
...CAR'S TOO SMALL... COVER HER MOUTH NOW -- HOLD HER!
...PETER MMFH PET MGHMFHMFH PETER...

RRRRAARRAAARRRARRRRGH!

...A SHORT TIME LATER THEY DRIVE ON TO ***MADOON***... JUSTICE, TO A DEGREE, HAS BEEN MET... GARY AND NANCY HAVE ENJOYED A GOOD MEAL IN THIS SMALL SOUTHERN TOWN... DESPITE THEIR ENCOUNTER... AS DID PETER-- AND HIS BURP... IS THE BOURBON WITHIN...

..THEY FIRST CAME TO MY ATTENTION WHEN I WAS LECTURING AT LONDON UNIVERSITY ..THE TALES.. THE STORIES I HAD ALWAYS THOUGHT WERE MYTHS...
...THE TALES OF TRANSYLVANIA...HOW THERE STILL LIVED A DESCENDANT OF THE MAN WHO HAD CALLED HIMSELF DRACULA...
...AND HOW THIS MAN IS AS EVIL AS HIS ANCESTORS... HOW HE WOULD BRUTALLY MURDER YOUNG GIRLS IN HIS SEARCH FOR THE ONE THING A VAMPIRE NEEDS TO LIVE... BLOOD...

I BATTLE THE VICIOUS VAMPIRE BATS OF TRANSYLVANIA AND LIVED TO TELL IT!

...AND SO I RESOLVED TO SEEK OUT THE TRUTH BEHIND THESE MYTHS...FOR MY INTEREST IN THE OCCULT WAS SUCH THAT I WAS ALWAYS SEARCHING...ALWAYS TRYING TO FIND THE WEIRD THINGS IN THIS WORLD... SO STARTED MY JUNKET TO THE MOST MACABRE COUNTRY ON THIS GROTESQUE GREEN EARTH...

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY

MARO NAVA

...ONCE IN *TRANSYLVANIA*, I RENTED A CAR THE MAGNIFICENT *TRANSYLVANIAN ALPS*... STOPPING AT EVERY LITTLE VILLAGE AND INQUIRING OF THE PEASANTS THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE *MAN I SEARCHED* FOR...

...I HAD *LITTLE LUCK*... THE VILLAGERS WERE QUITE UNCO-OPERATIVE AND ONCE I SPOKE TO THEM ABOUT *VAMPIRISM* I WAS SOMETIMES UNABLE TO FIND *LODGINGS* OR *FOOD*...

...AFTER WEEKS OF SEARCHING MY FIRST STROKE OF *LUCK* CAME TO ME IN A LITTLE *VILLAGE* HIGH IN TH ALPS... AND FROM THAT MOMENT ON *EVERYTHING* HAPPENED AT *ONCE*...

HOTEL

YOU'RE *BRITISH* AREN'T YOU SIR?

YES...

ON *HOLIDAY* ARE YOU?

...YES

...JUST *DRIVING AROUND* ARE YOU SIR?

YES... YOU MIGHT SAY THAT!

... SAY... PERHAPS YOU CAN ANSWER A CURIOUS QUESTION I HEARD ASKED IN THAT LAST VILLAGE I WAS IN...

YES... I HEARD A MAN ASKING ABOUT A *DESCENDANT* ...OF... *DRACULA*...

YOU HEARD A MAN SPEAK OF HIM? NO-ONE SPEAKS OF HIM! ... THE MAN MUST'VE BEEN A FOREIGNER... LIKE YOURSELF SIR...
I THOUGHT SO... NO-ONE SPEAKS OF HIM...
WHY... YES HE WAS...
WHY NOT?... SURELY SUCH A MAN COULD NOT EXIST... SURELY, DRACULA HIMSELF DID NOT EXIST... I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST A MYTH... A STORY CREATED BY BRAM STOKER IN THE 19TH CENTURY...
DRACULA WAS REAL ENOUGH... AND SO IS HIS DESCENDANT...
... AS EVIL AS HIS ANCESTOR WAS...
... BUT WHERE DOES HE LIVE?... AND... WHY DO YOU HESITATE TO SPEAK OF HIM... AND...
AND WHY IS THE NAME OF A LUNATIC SO FEARED?
HOTEL BAR
LUNATIC? AH SIR, HE MAY INDEED BE A LUNATIC... BUT HE IS MORE THAN JUST MAD... ... HE HAD THE POWER OF 10 MEN... THE LUST OF HIS ANCESTOR... HE LIVES NEABY... IN THE DRACULA CASTLE...
WHAT? ... IT IS NEARBY?
AH YES SIR... JUST A FEW MILES AWAY... THO NOBODY DARES VENTURE ANY CLOSER TO IT THAN THIS INN... BUT... I'VE SPOKEN TOO MUCH ALREADY... I CANNOT FIND IT... PROFITABLE TO MY HEALTH TO SPEAK ANYMORE...
HUBR

INN-KEEPER... WHAT IS HAPPENING... WHY IS THE PLACE EMPTYING SO QUICKLY... IS SOMETHING HAPPENING?
...ASK NO QUESTIONS SIR...
WASN'T THAT ODD?
WASN'T WHAT ODD?
...GIVE ME WINE INN-KEEPER...
WHAT JUST HAPPENED
...IN LESS TIME THAN YOU COULD LIGHT A CIGARETTE THIS PLACE TURNED INTO A GRAVE...
OH... YOU MEAN THE WAY EVERYBODY LEFT SUDDENLY?
YES
NOTHING ODD ABOUT THAT...
...IT'S MIDNIGHT... AT MIDNIGHT EVERYONE GOES HOME... THESE ARE WORKING MEN... THEY NEED SLEEP IF THEY'RE TO BE UP AT 5 IN THE MORNING TO ATTEND THEIR FARMS...
I STILL THINK IT'S ODD...
...ARE YOU THE BRITISHER WHO'S BEEN ASKING QUESTIONS THESE LAST FEW WEEKS?
WHY YES...
YOU'VE BEEN WASTING YOUR TIME... ASKING THE WRONG PEOPLE...
...THEY WON'T TALK TO YOU... NOT THESE FOOLS ...YOU SHOULD'VE ASKED ME... I AM AN AMERICAN ...A FOREIGNER LIKE YOU IN THIS COUNTRY...

I UNDERSTAND THE DRACULA CASTLE IS NEARBY...
YES... IT IS... WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO TAKE YOU THERE?
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT?
GOOD LORD MAN ... I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO STAY THERE... JUST SEE IT...
...DO YOU WANT TO SEE IT?...
AREN'T THERE WILD ANIMALS ON THE ROAD AT NIGHT?
NOT THAT YOU NEED WORRY ABOUT... IN THIS SPORTS JOB YOU COULD OUTRUN A GAZELLE... IF THERE WAS ONE TO OUTRUN...
YES... YES INDEED ... IF IT'S NO TROUBLE TO YOU...
OH... IT'S NO TROUBLE.
MY GOD
MERELY BATS...
VAMPIRE-BATS!
MAYBE I CAN ...OUT-RUN THEM...
... I... SEEM TO HAVE LEFT THEM BEHIND... BUT... WHERE IS THE STRANGER?
OH MY GOD... MY GOD...

VERY STRANGE... I HAD MY SUSPICIONS ABOUT HIM FROM THE MOMENT I SET EYES ON HIM...
WAAAOOOOO...!
WOLVES ...MY GOD...
...A PACK OF STARVING WOLVES
...MAYBE I CAN OUTRUN THEM ALSO...
...THE CASTLE...
...IT'S... ALMOST AS IF I WERE FORCED TO COME HERE... FIRST THE BATS... THE WOLVES ...FORCED ME TO SPEED UP THE ROAD TO ITS LOGICAL DEAD-END... THE CASTLE...

MORE OF THE BATS... EMERGING FROM WITHIN THE CASTLE...
...ONE OF THEM IS CHANGING ITS FORM... BECOMING HUMAN! ...THEN ITS TRUE... THE CASTLE IS INHABITED BY A VAMPIRE...
...IT IS ME YOU HAVE SPENT FRUITLESS WEEKS ASKING QUESTIONS ABOUT...
...IT IS ME YOU HAVE HEARD OF AND HAD NIGHTMARES ABOUT...
...UGHHH...
YOU
YES FOOL... ...I...
...NOW YOU KNOW WHY THE VILLAGERS LEFT THAT TAVERN SO QUICKLY...
YOU ARE... A DESCENDANT OF DRACULA?
...NOT JUST A DESCENDANT... BUT HIS SON... MY FATHER WAS KILLED BY A MORON LIKE YOU... AN INQUISITIVE IDIOT WHO MURDERED HIM WHILE HE SLEPT... ONLY I SURVIVE TO CARRY ON THE PROUD NAME AND TRADITION OF DRACULA...

...THINK TWICE ABOUT THIS...
...UGHH...
...WHAT?...
...YOUR STUPID FABRICATED STORY IS SO FULL OF HOLES IT DOES THE PROUD NAME OF DRACULA AN INJUSTICE...
YOU CALL THIS CRUMBLING DUMP MY ANCESTOR'S CASTLE? ...IT IS MILES FROM HERE AND IN GOOD REPAIR...LIVED IN BY A CARETAKER AND HIS WIFE WHO WROTE ME ABOUT YOU... ...THE GREAT PRETENDER...
MY NAME... FOR HE WAS MY ANCESTOR...
ONLY I...
...YOU ARE NOTHING BUT A GARDEN-VARIETY VAMPIRE... WITH PRETENTIONS OF GRANDEUR... DID YOU IDENTIFY SO YOU COULD ADOPT HIS NAME LITERALLY?... ONLY I HAVE THAT RIGHT...
...AFTER THIS EPISODE I RETURNED TO LONDON WHERE I LIVED QUIETLY WITH MY FATHER, AND TOLD HIM OF MY ACCOMPLISHMENT... HE WAS PLEASED THAT HIS NAME WAS CLEARED... PLEASED THAT HE COULD CONTINUE HIS LIFE IN ANONYMITY IN THE METROPOLIS OF LONDON... LIVING WITH THE VARIETY OF VICTIMS FOUND IN SO LARGE A CITY... KNOWING THAT IN 1973 THE WAYS OF THE VAMPIRE MUST BE CHANGED THE STYLE OF THE OLD DAYS, KNOWING THAT IN 1973 ANONYMITY IS MORE REWARDING THAN THE TYRANNY HE EXERCISED IN YESTERYEAR...

...THESE ARE THE THINGS THAT ARE DEAD...

. . . things DEAD and things BURIED are the THINGS that tell their TALES in the saga of NOSFERATU . . .

...I LED MY 'ARMY' TO THE MILITARY PALACE... THAT ARMY OF DEAD, SOUL-LESS THINGS... THAT CORPS OF EVIL, MINDLESS CORPSES BENT ON REVENGE... I LED THEM... HA HAHA HAHAHHAHA HA HA! ...PROUD TO LEAD THAT CORRUPT ZOMBIE COLLECTON OF DEAD POINTLESS THINGS... PROUD...
...I WAS THEIR NAPOLEON... LEADER OF MEN... IF NOT THE LIVING AT LEAST OF THE DEAD!!...."

...THE 7 WEIRD TALES OF THE MAN-MACABRE IN SCREAM SOON

...THE VAMPIRE

...THE WEREWOLF

...THE THING

...THE CREEP

...THE VULTURE

...THE ANCIENT-ONE

AND

THE DEAD THINGS

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